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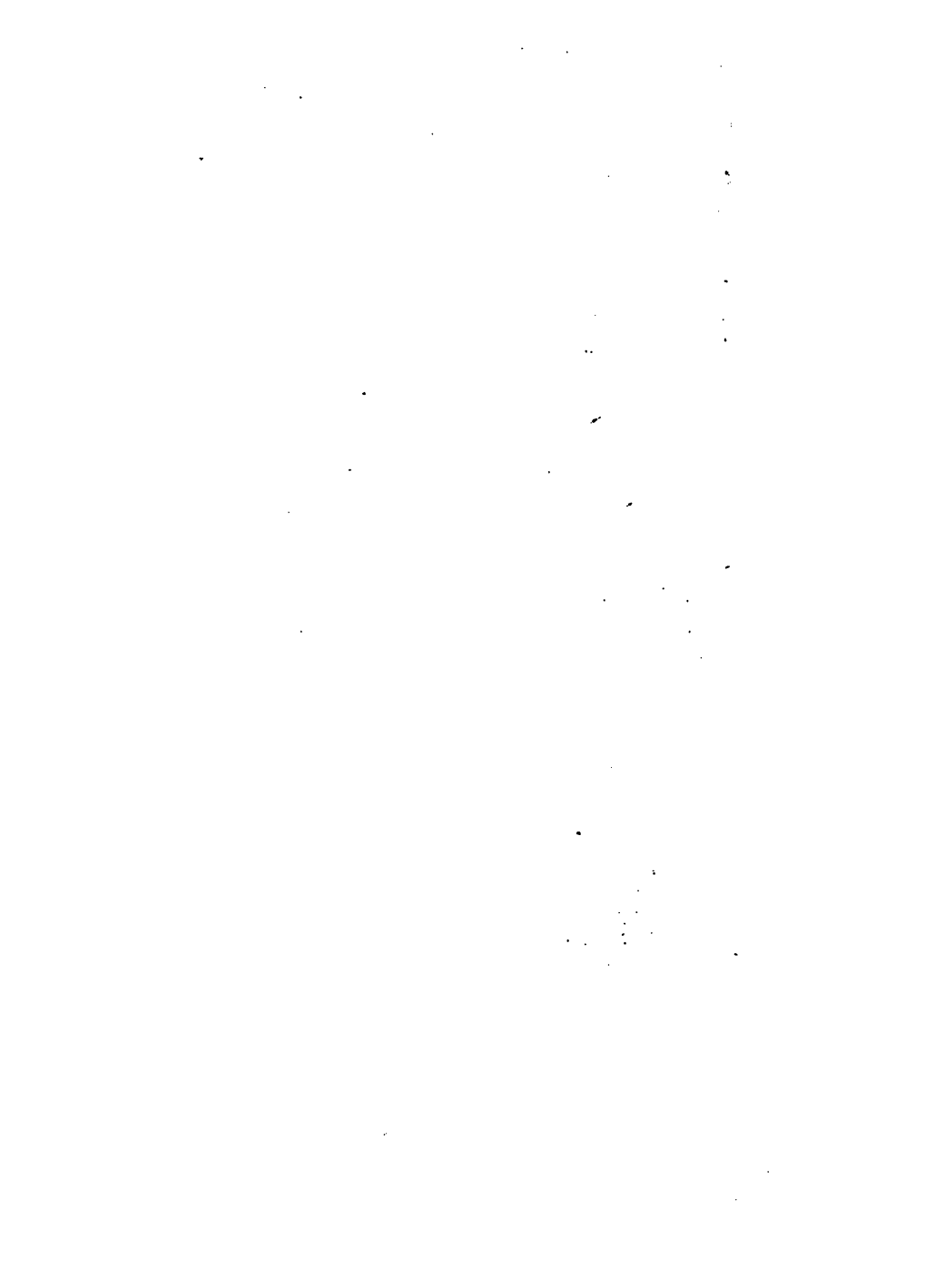


HYMNS
AND
SONGS
FOR THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH

HYMNS AND SONGS

AND

POEMS.



HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH;

AND

POEMS.

By EMMA JANE WORBOISE,

AUTHOR OF "VIOLET VAUGHAN;" "ST. BEETHA'S, &C."

"Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,
Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead ;
But that perchance a faint gale of Thy breath,
A still, small whisper in my song hath led
One struggling spirit upwards to Thy throne,
Or but one hope, one prayer,—for this alone
I bless Thee, Oh my God."

HEMANS.



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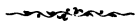
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HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR

The Christian Church.



HYMNS FOR ADVENT.

I.

“Now it is high time to awake out of sleep ; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent—the day is at hand.”—ROMANS XIII., II., 12.

AWAKE ! awake ! the night is waning fast ;
Lo ! the dark hours of dream are well-nigh past.
The day is near at hand. Awake, arise !
Is there no glimmering in the eastern skies ?

Go ! ask the watchman how wears on the night—
Inquire if yet the first faint beams of light,
The first pure streak, his aching heart descries ;
If yet the coming of the dawn he spies ?

Yes, even so ! A soft grey tinge is there—
A breaking of the clouds. The morning air
Blows freshly o’er the mountain side,
And wakes the young waves of the rolling tide.

Brighter and brighter still the lustre grows ;
The shadows fly. The ruddy sunbeams throw
A tender radiance on the shivering trees ;
Lo ! the morn rises on the upland leas !

Our night is almost spent—*our* day at hand !
E'er long will rise, and shine on every land,
A glorious Sun, to lighten sea and shore
Through countless years, for " Time shall be no more."

And now is our salvation nearer brought
Than when at first we knew our souls were bought
By Jesu's love, and ransomed from the grave
By Calvary's all-atoning crimson wave.

Nearer to rest, nearer to THEE we come,
Nearer to our eternal heavenly home ;
Yet have we one more stormy battle-field,
Then lay we down the helmet, sword, and shield.

These times and seasons of Thy Church we love ;
They count the miles our weary footsteps rove,
And, as each sacred year and day goes past,
We know we near the blessed haven fast.

The joyous carol on the Christmas morn,
The Easter-anthem through the nave up-borne,
The Pentecostal day ! We list,—and lo !
The way is shorter than a year ago.

Give to Thy Church, oh Lord ! to cast away
 The sloth and trifles of an earthly day ;
 To gaze more earnest on her Bridegroom's crown
 When all the world in slumbers lay them down.

" Ancient of days !" Eternal Great " I AM !"
 Soon to the marriage-supper of the Lamb
 Thy children Thou wilt call. And *all* are Thine,
 Who through Christ's precious blood approach Thy
 shrine.

Lo ! more than eighteen hundred years ago,
 Thou saidest "*I come quickly* !" Even so,
 Oh, Saviour of the world, to earth come down,
 For ever reign, and triumph with Thine own.

II.

" And when these things begin to pass, then look up, and
 lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."
 —LUKE XXI., I., 28.

I.

HARK ! on every sea-girt shore
 Swells a wild tumultuous roar ;
 Hark ! the hollow thunders roll,
 Echoing from pole to pole ;
 Sun and moon, and stars grow pale,
 All the powers of heaven fail ;
 Yet " we lift the expectant eye,"
 Our Redemption draweth nigh.

II.

There is "sorrow on the sea,"
All its waves roll drearily ;
Strong men bowing in their fear
That the last Great Day is near ;
Kingdoms tottering to their base,
Shame on mailed warrior's face ;
But we lift our gaze on high,
For Redemption draweth nigh !

III.

Forth from old cathedral piles—
From their dreamy Gothic aisles ;
Forth from each dim monument
Where the armed knight is bent ;
Ere that blast of trumpet dies,
The long-buried dead arise.
Joyfully we sing, and cry—
Our Redemption draweth nigh.

IV.

Now the earth gives up her slain ;
Now the blue and boundless main
From her treasure-grots and caves
Opens all her nameless graves ;
Ashes, to the four winds given,
Clothed afresh, spring up to heaven.
Do our hearts within us die ?
No !—Redemption draweth nigh.

V.

Now the blood of martyrs, shed
Since Eve wept her first-born dead,
Crieth from forgotten dust ;
Now the righteous and the just,
Washed from all polluting guilt,
In that blood for sinners spilt,
Join the anthems of the sky :
Their Redemption draweth nigh.

VI.

Long the whole creation hath
Groaned and travailed unto death ;
Long hath waited to be free,
Long hath pined for liberty.
Now the day, the hour is come ;
Saints are gathered to their home,
And they swell thanksgiving high
That Redemption draweth nigh.

VII.

See the ancient mountains fall !
Listen to the Judgment call !
Earth is passing fast away :
This is that long-promised Day !
All the sons of second-birth,
From all nations of the earth,
Meet their Master in the sky :
Their Redemption draweth nigh.

VIII.

Not for merit of our own,
 But for Jesus' sake alone,
 Own us now, in this Thy day :
 Thou, oh Lord, art all our stay !
 Now we mount up in the air,
 Meet our risen Saviour there—
 " Jesus ! slain for us !" we cry,
 Our Redemption hath drawn nigh.

III.

" Their strength is to sit still."—ISAIAH XXX., 7.

WHEN lurid lightnings flash, and, peal on peal,
 The thunder wakes the echoes of the hills,
 When down the dark fell-side no longer steal
 The dancing waters of the mountain rills,
 But, bursting from their rocky bounds, along
 Pour their proud waves, a billowy torrent strong :

Then, when the spirit of the storm is free,
 And earth is groaning in her wild unrest,
 The frightened child the danger doth not flee,
 But closer clings to his dear mother's breast ;
 And while her arm is tightly pressed around,
 He thinks he dwells serene, on charmèd ground.

And there are tempests, fiercer than the wind
 Or clouds can make, o'er land and moaning sea :

These pass away, and leave small trace behind—
Perchance a shattered bark,—a stately tree,
Stretched on the green-sward never more to rise,
And lift its verdant head to summer skies.

And there are storms that shake the human heart,
The uplifting of a just and chastening rod ;
Then from our idols we are forced to part ;
And, like the half-opened leaves upon the sod,
That wintry gales come back again to strew,
Our bright and budding hopes are smitten too.

It may be that we prize our wealth too well,
And Mammon in our hearts usurps a shrine ;
Some golden god reigns in the secret cell
That should be Thine, oh Lord ! and only Thine.
Thou speak'st the word, and in one short-lived day
Our riches make them wings and fly away.

Or do we twine our souls with mortal clay,
And worship in our blindness sinful dust ?
Or make a reed of earth our prop and stay,
And fix what seems imperishable trust
On those dear treasured forms that round us smile,
Lighting life's lonely path a little while ?

Then comes the blast ! Death's pallid angel stands,
And turns on them his chilling mystic gaze ;
And so we lay them down, with folded hands
Upon the breast ;—the solemn organ plays

A funeral dirge ;—for they, the loved, are gone,
And the pale mourner weeps his tears alone.

Or, harder still to bear : there comes a change
In the beloved voice. The averted face—
The indifferent tone—the smile so cold and strange—
The absence of the wonted fond embrace—
Proclaim youth's plighted friend is ours no more ;
Sweet dreams of truth and constancy are o'er.

Or is it that Thy signals are abroad ?
And signs tell that the world is growing old,
That thou art coming in Thy might, oh, Lord !
And, face to face, we soon shall Thee behold.
Change !—Death and Judgment !—all beset our way ;
How shall we bear the stroke, or meet Thy day ?

We will “be still, and know that Thou art God !”
And this shall be our confidence and strength—
Thou art our Rock, our Fortress, our Abode.
A few more storms and tempests, then at length
Shall we be anchored on the eternal shore,
Where storms of sorrow shake the soul no more.

We will not struggle, neither will we seek
To stanch with worldly joys the bleeding wound ;
But we will kiss the rod with reverence meek,
Knowing Thy faithfulness doth still abound,
And calmly sit in peace beneath Thy wings,
Trusting Thy love and power, oh King of Kings !

Earth has no refuge on a stormy day.

But they, whom by Thy Spirit Thou hast taught,
Serenely 'neath the cross of Jesus stay ;

Secure in this—that they by Christ are bought ;
Bought with His blood ; that so, whate'er betide,
They may rest safely by their Saviour's side.

THE PROTO - MARTYR.

“ And when he had said this, he fell asleep.”—ACTS VII., 60.

HIGH in serene, undazzling light,
Around the rainbow-circled throne,
And robed in garments pure and white,
Chanting *One* saving Name alone,
They stand—a mighty multitude—a throng,
Redeemed from every kindred, clime, and tongue.

Say !—who are these in raiment bright,
Upon their brows such holy calm,
With eyes that burn like stars of night,—
Hands bearing the victorious palm ?
Whence come they—these immortal, saintly forms ?
Have they e'er known the blast of earthly storms ?

Once, here on earth, they bow'd the head ;
Once, here they strove with sin, and wept ;
Their bitter, rain-like tears were shed,
And then in Jesus Christ they slept.
Faithful and true they yielded up their breath,
Their noble souls were steadfast unto death !

And foremost in the white-robed throng,
See the first Christian martyr stand,
And while he joins the eternal song
Of that seraphic glorious band,
Yet sparkles in his bright undaunted eye
The enraptured gaze wherewith he soared on high.

And still the martyr's countenance
Its meek and patient aspect bears ;
Still see we his forgiving glance,
And still his brow the radiance wears
It wore in dying hours long years ago,
When murderers closed his earnest course below.

How poor this life must then have seem'd,
When the obstructing veil was riven,
And lovelier far than he e'er dreamed
He saw the golden courts of heaven ;—
Jesus the crucified, with eye of love,
Calling His servant to his home above !

He kneelèd down once more to pray,—
“ Lord Jesus, now my soul receive ;”

Resounding ages seem to hear,
"O Lord, my enemies forgive!"
'Tis past—his foes deride, disciples weep—
But he in Christ's own arms has fall'n asleep.

Who sleep in Jesus, He will bring,
With the Archangel's mighty voice,
With shout that thro' all heaven shall ring,
While saints and martyr'd ones rejoice ;
They crowned the first, who seal'd their faith in blood,
Counting as loss all earthly pomp and good.

Perchance *we* may not wear that crown,
We may not wave the martyr's palm ;—
But we, who to Christ's Cross have flown,
Shall pass away in joy and calm :—
The angel-anthems sounding near and deep,
His arms around !—so shall we fall asleep.



THE MOUNTAIN GLEN.

"And be not conformed to this world ; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."—ROMANS XII., 2.

A QUIET woodland vale I trod,
O'er rocky path and mossy sod ;
The-wild bee's hum I heard alone,
And the wood-pigeon's tender moan.
The river calmly glided by
Beneath a soft autumnal sky ;
The very spirit of repose
Seem'd o'er that lonely dell to close.

I rested on a turfy bed,
The oak's sear leaf was round me spread ;
While all serene the mountains lay
Beneath the golden noontide ray,
Uprearing in blue upper air
Their solemn summits, stern and bare.
Oh ! far away from haunts of men
Lies that sequestered silent glen.

" Here let me rest," my worn heart said ;
" Too long, too long, have I been led
By busy worldlings' pomp and thrall,
But now I would renounce them all ;

No more conform to things of time,
But here, in solitude sublime,
With simple cell for my abode,
Devote my being to my God.

“Here would I rise at dawn of day
My matin sacrifice to pay !
Here would I muse on fell and flood,
And feel Thy works, oh, God ! are good ;
And when the purple evening-light
Bathed wood and hill, and heath-clad height,
Then, with the sweet departing ray,
My song should heavenward find her way.”

Vain dream of slothful, sinful ease,
Thine own dear idol-self to please !
’Tis true God bids thee not conform
To vanity ! He would transform
Thine inmost heart. But Jesus prayed
The night before He was betrayed,
When He had well-nigh crossed the sea
Of human-grief’s mortality :—

“Oh, Father ! from this world of care
Take not my children yet ; but there
Let them remain to work My will,
And from the evil shield them still.”
So now, must His disciples stay,
And wait in patient hope the day

When, trials and temptations o'er,
Earth may perplex and grieve no more.

Cannot God's Spirit keep thy heart,
Up to its holy chosen part,
Amid the city's thronging scene
As well as in the forest-green?
'Tis sweet awhile to turn away,
And in the leafy groves to pray;
Then to thy post, with cheerful brow,
Back with fresh energy to go.

Believers are a chosen few,
And God's own work they have to do!
They need not turn to cloister-cell
To praise and glorify Him well.
'Twere pleasant to the flesh to leave
The haunts where crime and sorrow grieve;
Yet,—though the world they may not flee;
In it,—not of it! must they be.



LOVE.

—“Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love.”
—ROMANS XII., 10.

I.

Sweet is the hidden violet's breath,
Through dewy days of vernal spring ;
And richly fragrant e'en in death,
The odour summer-roses fling
O'er lawn and bower, and woody glade,
Where first the parting sunbeams fade :

II.

And sweet to pluck the lily's bell
All dripping with its pearls of dew,
To bear it from its leafy cell,
And contemplate its snowy hue ;
Or perfumed jasmine stars to twine,
Or garlands of the eglantine :

III.

And sweet at solemn eventide
To muse in ancient ruin gray,
Or o'er the placid sea to glide,
And watch the glow of parting day ;
Or else to list the distant strain
Of music from some minster-fane.

IV.

But sweeter far the gentle voice,
The thrilling tones of those we love !
Their memory bids the heart rejoice
When exiled o'er the world we rove.
Love is a holy treasure given,
A golden link t'wixt earth and heaven.

V.

A new commandment Jesus gave—
“ Love one another !” Years have passed
Since He, the Mighty One to save,
Spake those three words ! Yet, on the blast
Of buried ages, long since dead,
They rise again their peace to shed.

VI.

And as we hear their music now,
We sigh for shame, to look around,
And see how coldly and how slow
Men listen to their gentle sound ;
How selfishness, and cares, and fears,
Have chased away love's smiles and tears.

VII.

'Tis not enough to love but one,
Tho' *one* we surely may love best ;
Some “ kindred spirit,” that alone
Finds answer in our inmost breast ;

And some are linked by ties of birth,—
These may be dearest upon earth.

VIII.

But the true Christian's heart must feel
A kindly glow for all mankind ;
Must sympathize in woe and weal,
However wide apart the mind,
The station of the man, may be,
Who claims a brother's sympathy.

IX.

Say not, " My heart is waxing cold ;
I've loved and loved without return :
Affections now are wearing old,
The fires of youth no longer burn ;
Once my young spirit, like to thine,
Reared many a pure, unselfish shrine.

X.

But I have liv'd to see the flame
That on my heart's lone altar shone
Expire in grief, and wrong, and shame,
Till every smould'ring spark was gone ;
There was a bitter strife and pain !
'Tis past—I cannot love again."

XI.

Ah, hush thee, sad one, say not so,
But seek to love thy Saviour more ;

Fill up the aching void of woe ;
And though the fervent fire of yore
No more rekindles in thy breast,
Yet shall thy latest days be best.

XII.

Perchance the affection that entwined
Thy secret soul clogged up the way
Of faith and prayer, and God designed
That thou should'st find thy idols clay ;
That so, midst desolation's gloom,
Thy love for Him might fully bloom.

XIII.

Now rouse thee from thy sullen trance,
And go and gaze with eyes of love,
And tender sympathising glance,
On *all*, wherever thou may'st rove ;
And if thy love still seems in vain,
Thy God will pay thee back again.



THE ARK.

“Make thee an ark.”—GENESIS VI., 14.

THE world is full of sin and woe,
 And guilt is ripening below :
 Oh, Lord ! upon Thy Holy Name
 Men cast contempt, and scorn, and shame ;
 They hear no more Thy still small voice,—
 Earth's vanity is all their choice !
 Soon will the fire of vengeance fall,
 And desolate this sublunary ball.

Some are there who proclaim their light
 To shine in human wisdom's might ;
 Some seek Philosophy sublime,
 And age forgets the roll of Time :—
 They live in dreams and mystic spells,
 And from their contemplative cells
 Behold from far the motley throng,
 And sigh to think how on they rush in wrong.

And so from wave to wave I toss :
 I grasp bright gold—'tis glittering dross ;
 I throw out anchors on the sand,
 And straight along the treacherous strand,
 From hidden rocks, the breakers rise,
 And every hope of safety dies :

The tide of error is so strong,
My soul's pure faith must surely drown ere long.

The deluge grows—the waters pour
Their torrents louder, hour by hour,
Till all His storms go o'er my head.
Like forest-leaves in autumn shed,
I see my fairest comforts lie ;
No shore is near, no star on high ;
Through rayless mist I steer my bark,
Oh, for a sure retreat ! a sheltering Ark !

“ Come hither ! ” said a voice to me—
A still small whisper—“ hither flee !
Know'st thou ere long this sinful world
Shall be to dire destruction hurled,
And all who loiter on its waves
Must sink in deep eternal graves ?
See ! the gloom thickens, and the dark
Grows black with coming night ! **MAKE THEE AN ARK !** ”

Thou art the ARK, Lord !—only *Thou*—
No other Refuge will I know.
To Thee with loving haste I come ;
I fly to Thee—oh ! take me home !
I leave my spirit in Thy hand ;
I quit this once alluring land,
And make with Thee my safe abode,
Where I may rest, and cast away my load.

And then, if earth, and seas, and skies
Commingle, till the tempest rise
On every mountain-top and height,
And chaos reign again, and night,—
Though quenched be every vital spark,
Yet I,—in my Eternal Ark,—
May watch unmoved that rising storm,
Nor weep with dread, nor tremble in alarm.

Rememberest thou the ark of old,
When Jesus did in types unfold
His sacrificial plan and grace
To chosen Israel's erring race?—
How first it crossed the Jordan's stream,
When cleft, as by electric beam,
Each proud wave rose in calm retreat,
And left a path for Israel's weary feet?

So now its antetype doth go
Wherever waters overflow :
Once through the floods of grief *He* trod,
Once the chill grave was *His* abode ;
Now, when His children's tears down fall
O'er blighted love and funeral pall,
They look beyond the deathly dark
To meet the loved and lost in Him, their Ark!

Oh ! come poor mourners ! Come away ;
Why on life's ocean will ye stay

Without a shelter? Well ye know
Grief darkens brightest hours below ;
The worm hath twined the floweret's root,
The spring-bird's melody is mute,
The summer-day is waning fast :—
Oh, hide thee !—till the woe be overpast.

Then, too, thy guilt, thy sin will be
Cast to the bottom of the sea,
And robes of righteousness be thine ;
Oh ! haste thee to that blessed shrine !
Linger no more, but join the throng
Who view the tempest waxing strong,
And torrents swell o'er rock and mark,—
Yet safe abide in CHRIST, THE ONLY ARK.



THE RAINBOW.



“I do set my bow in the cloud.”—GENESIS IV., 13.

WHEN storms are in the sky,
And lingering showers yet fall,
When sable clouds roll by,
Veiling the mountains tall,
We see thy brilliant arch, oh, Bow of Heaven
Sweet signet of God's pledge, to mortals given.

What art thou like, fair bow ?
Like pearly sea-shell's blush ;
Like gathered jewels' gleaming glow ;
Like summer-sunset's flush ;
A lovely spirit, with pure brow of peace,
Soft whispering that the promise dost not cease.

How must those lonely men
Who 'scaped the whelming flood
With wondering and admiring ken
Beneath thine arch have stood !
And how must they have blessed the gracious sign,
The seal of Love, Eternal and Divine !

Oh, Bow of Promise ! oft
I see thy beauteous span :
I gaze with awe and joy aloft,
And reverential scan.
Two thoughts arise in that strange spell-bound gaze,
One fills my soul with sadness—one with praise.

I see thy beauty smile,
Then melt in light away ;
So all that seemed so fair erewhile,
Has faded in decay.
As bright and fleeting as the rainbow's glow
Are all the hopes and treasures life can show !

Again I look above,
Ere yet the last tint fade ;
A meek, reproachful glance of love
Seems lingering in its shade ;
Its dying radiance faintly seems to say,
" Child of this earth, turn from its joys away !"

And when its hues have fled
Before the sun's warm beams,
The sullen clouds dispart o'erhead,
The tender blue streak gleams !—
And then I smile to think how sweet 'twill be,
When hope shall lose itself in certainty.

And, oh ! whene'er I gaze
On that frail arch, so bright,
Let my glad soul Thy goodness praise,
Who gave its changing light ;
That so, whene'er the radiant bow I see,
My heart may wing her upward flight to Thee.



THE VIOLET.

"All these things are against me."—GENESIS XLII., 36.

"ALAS ! alas ! this baneful frost !"

The little violet might say,
 Its purpose and its wishes cross'd,
 Compelled beneath the soil to stay ;
 But ah ! 'tis wisdom that restrains
 The lovely floweret in its cell ;
 When the warm sun shines through the lanes
 To perfect beauty it shall swell.

Had it but peeped out from the grass
 Some ten or fifteen days ago,
 Ere yet the sunny beams could pass
 Through clouds that hung both dark and low,
 The cold, life-blasting eastern wind
 Had surely smitten to the earth
 The fragile leaf and bud—consigned
 To perish in their hour of birth.

But now the arch of heaven is clear,
 The skylark singeth out of sight,
 No plant has any need to fear
 A nipping, blighting frost to-night.
 And all the unchained streams rejoice ;
 The trickling rock-springs gladly gush ;
 The brook sends forth his merry voice
 Through fairy haunts of reed and rush.

Ah ! gentle violets ! rivers bright !
The long and weary dull grey day
That kept your blossoms out of sight,
And bound your wavelets on their way,
Was very gloomy then to bear,
And hurt, perchance, your tiny pride ;
But had ye burst out then and there,
Ye must perforce have drooped and died !

So mortals turn them o'er and o'er,
And strive to cast the chain away
That seems to keep them from the shore,
Where, as they dream, blooms endless May ;
And oft they grievously complain
That heaven and earth and fellow-men
Conspire together for their pain—
That all things are against them then.

Whene'er such murmurs in thee rise
Remember aged Israel's plaint—
How all the clouds in his life's skies
Became at last too bright to paint.
Thy God knows what for thee is best—
What *looks* the worst may work thy weal ;
Seek holiness, and for the rest
Leave it with God Himself to deal.

THE MOUNTAINS.

“And Jesus went up into a mountain, and there He sat with His disciples.”—JOHN VI., 3.

METHINKS I love the mountains old,
Because my Saviour trod
Their dim majestic heights, and knelt
Upon their barren sod.

Oh ! I have stood at fall of eve,
And watched the western sky,
Glowing with soft effulgent light,
And solemn radiancy.

And down, far down, beneath my feet,
I saw the smiling plain,
The forests dark, the silvery stream,
The billowy golden grain.

I turned :—and there, on every side,
Arose the silent hills ;
And the proud wind came sweeping by,
With dash of falling rills.

And peak on peak, amid the clouds,
Upreared their awful heads,
And leaden mists roll'd heavily ;
And from the torrent-beds

A sullen roar through all the gloom
Swelled sadly and profound :
I was the only living thing
On that high, lonely ground.

I gazed until my soul was awed,
On crag and ravine rude ;
It seemed that God and I alone
Dwelt in that solitude.

Then sweeter, gentler thoughts were mine—
In such a desert air
My Lord and Saviour loved to roam,
And pour his fervent prayer.

Amid such vast wild wastes and rocks
How oft at dawn of day
He sought some cloud-capt summit bare,
To meditate and pray.

And once on Tabor's glorious height
He heard His Father's voice—
That gleam of His beloved home,
It made His heart rejoice.

That last night, on the Olive Mount,
As was His wont, He strayed ;
And, oh ! in sad Gethsemane,
What grief was on Him laid !

And Calvary! His precious blood
Was there for sinners shed—
There His dim eyes were closed in sleep,
The slumber of the dead.

Once more He trod the mountain turf—
There were His last smiles given,
Ere in the clouds He soared aloft
To His bright throne in Heaven.

And, oh! whene'er we muse alone,
On toppling crag and fell,
Be His dear memory to us
A pure and sacred spell.

To consecrate the awful wild,
Where He so loved to roam,
When for our sakes a little space
He made this world His home.

In those vast fanes of ancient hills,
And mist, and cloud, and sky,
We, too, may pray, and think the while
Our Lord is standing by.

There may our souls, unfettered, tell
Their every grief and thought;
Nor stay our words till we have found,
The peace our hearts have sought.

Oh ! may our glances never rest
On mountains' majesty,
But as their glories, Lord, we trace,
By faith spring up to Thee.



THE MOURNER.



“ I know their sorrows.”—EXODUS III., 7.

THERE are who weep the live-long day,
And, groaning, wish the night away—
Who steep their couch with tears ;
They count their hours of comfort gone,
And deem that there remains alone
A heritage of fears.

Perchance they roam beneath the shade
Of sacred walls by time decayed ;
The soft moon overhead
Shines on the willow-tree that sweeps
The tomb where some beloved sleeps,
Among the quiet dead.

• As fair as it hath ever been,
The mantling ivy's burnished green
 Clings to the old church walls ;
The mellow moonbeams thro' the aisles
Shower as of yore their golden smiles
 O'er quaint rood-screen and stall.

All is as still and passionless,
As free from shadow of distress,
 As if sweet Sabbath-day
Would bring the lost one back again,
Once more to swell the accustomed strain,
 Once more with us to pray.

And on that blessed holy morn,
When chimes are by the breeze upborne,
 The ancient morning song
Floats around pillar, arch, and font ;
And few miss one who once was wont
 To join that choral throng.

The busy world still onward rolls :
The kind and sympathising souls,
 Who at the first were grieved,
Have long since ceased to think upon
The bright young being who is gone—
 None weep but the bereaved.

And he is seen with brow unmoved,
And calm as if he had not loved
And mourned the early dead !
None see the aching of the breast,
The hours by yearning void oppressed,
The tears in secret shed.

But, oh ! thou sad one, there is *One*
Who hears thine agonizing moan
Thro' darkest veil of night ;
He knows thy griefs—He waits to see
The gold refined perfectly—
He waits to give thee light.

He knows thy sins, thy sorrows, too ;
He sees the sunless, pallid hue
O'er all thy pathway cast ;
He watched with thee, beside the bed
Of lingering death—His gaze is spread
O'er all the gloomy past.

And though thy dearest friends forget
The deep woe of thy spirit, yet
Christ stands with healing balm :
“ I know thy griefs,” He sweetly cries ;
“ When every hope and comfort dies,
I'll give thee perfect calm.”

Wilt thou not hear that soothing voice,
And bid thy long-cold heart rejoice,
 And wake high notes of praise ?
Wilt thou not lay in holy rest
Thy weary thoughts and mind distress,
 And full thanksgiving raise ?

“ THOU knowest, Saviour,” thou may’st say,
“ Thou knowest what a stormy day
 Has been my troubled life ;
Now, if it be Thy will, let peace
Be mine, and desolation cease,
 And earth’s long bitter strife ;

But if in sorrow’s purging fire,
Thou would’st that I at last expire,
 Grant me Thy precious love ;
Give me a chastened, thankful heart,
And take me when I hence depart
 To Thy dear Self above.”



THE FIRST COMMUNION.

“The Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread ; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat : this is my body, which is broken for you : this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner, also, he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood : this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.”—1 COR. XI. 23—25.

“For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.”—MATTH. XXVI. 28.

LIFE-GIVING words ! The blood of Jesus, shed

For us, for *all* who meekly come to Him !

Lo ! generations on their way have sped,

And softly through the lapse of ages dim

Sweet echoes clearly whisper in our ears,

Brightening our road, and calming all our fears.

We cast our gaze a-down the stream of Time,

And seem to view that sacramental board !

'Tis a fair evening in an Eastern clime,

And sad disciples gather round their Lord ;

Breathless, they list to every sacred word :

The very air seems silent and unstirred.

The Saviour sits with pale and holy brow,

Amid His followers ; and His gentle eye

Is sorrowful, yet radiant with a glow

Loftier than e'er was fire of prophecy ;

With glance of love, He breaks the blessèd bread,
And pours the wine,—type of His life-blood, shed.

And then straightway the solemn charge is given,
In his dear memory that Feast to keep
Until He come with majesty from Heaven,
And from the dust calls all His saints that sleep :—
Then shall they drink together of that wine
Press'd from the clusters of the Immortal Vine.

And since that hour, how many souls have fled,
Bursting their mortal bonds to dwell on high !
How many slumber with the righteous dead,
Who laid them down to rest, full peacefully :
And all their hope, and all their quenchless trust,
Were fixed in Him, the Crucified, the Just !

That precious, priceless, all-atoning Blood !—
Thy children, Saviour, still are gathered home,
Their guilt all washed away in that pure flood,
With spotless heart and soul to Thee they come :
That fountain leads them to their bright abode,
Cleansed in its waves, they dare approach their God.

Oh ! by the grief of all Thy sojourn here—
Oh ! by Thy passion on the Olive Mount—
Oh ! by each burning, agonising tear—
Lave every guilty sinner in that Fount.
We cast away all merit of our own,
As worse than vile—for THOU canst save *alone* !

Now draw us, Saviour, nearer to Thy shrine ;
Now from Thy throne, in glorious light above,
Illume our pathway with a smile divine,
And bless and keep us ever in Thy Love ;
Till, by that Testamental Blood, once shed,
All Thine elect are safe to Heaven led.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Not as I will, oh, Lord !
But let Thy will be done ;
My hope is stayed upon Thy word,
I trust in Thee alone.
Father, to Thee I bow,
I kiss the chastening rod ;
The sorrow that has laid me low
Has brought me near to God.
Bright was my youthful morn,
Immeasurably bright !
My life's untroubled, cloudless dawn
Lay bathed in rosy light ;
And very lovely flowers,
And blossoms fair and gay,
And birds that sang thro' summer hours,
Made sweet my early day.

My smooth, soft path was lined
 With cool refreshing green,
 And all my unchecked heart was twined
 With that delightful scene.
 I loved the rose's bloom,
 The lily's perfumed bell ;
 I dreamt not of the cold, dark tomb,
 Where all my flowers might dwell.

With light, unsaddened heart
 I danced in sunny beams,
 Nor thought how soon they might depart—
 Those glistening, golden gleams ;
 And by the placid lake,
 I watched the rippling wave,
 And knew not that fierce storms might wake,
 And o'er its bosom rave :
 And I looked up to the sky,
 With tender gaze and fond ;
 But I thought not of the radiancy,
 That dwelt the clouds beyond.

Now the gray, silent hours,
 Pass slowly o'er my head,
 My beautiful and precious flowers
 Are gathered—withered—dead !
 The glassy water's flow
 Is now a turbid stream ;
 I have seen the dazzling splendour go
 Of my young life's golden dream.

I hear the old church-bells
Ring sweetly o'er the wave ;
Their pensive strain most gently tells
Of the sleepers in the grave.

But a holier hope is mine
Than lit my sunny days ;
A world of love and peace divine
Is given to my gaze,
And I can calmly lay
My faded treasures down,
And from my inmost spirit say,
" My God ! *Thy will be done !*"
My Saviour ! Thou hast known
Life's bitter toil and woe ;
Thou too hast seen Thy bright things strewn,
And melted like the snow.

Oh, give to me Thy peace,
And on Thy gentle breast,
Till storms depart and shadows cease,
Be my unchanging rest :
Not with a stoic's pride,
Not with a tearless eye,
Nor heart whose earthly love has died,
Would I pass coldly by
The scenes of other years,
Or the grave of my best friend :
No ! I would shed meek, patient tears,
And chastened, to the end.

Give strength thro' life, to say
What of myself alone,
I never can sincerely pray,
Great God ! Thy will be done !
Chase far away vain dreams,
Each worldly thought control,
Till death's dim, shadowy twilight gleams
Around my parting soul.
Then, in a glorious land,
Where shines the unsetting sun,
Oh ! let me join the ransomed band,
Who chant, " THY WILL BE DONE ! "

HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

"It is finished."—JOHN XIX. 30.

YES, "it is finished !" The Atoning Blood,
Once shed, has poured its richest stream :
Now, all who will may bathe in that pure flood,
And, spotless as the robes of angels gleam,
May rise from its all-purifying wave,
And calmly gaze beyond the gloomy grave :

For o'er the abyss there streams a glorious light,
Its depths are spanned by *one* availing path ;
Nor dark the way ! A radiance ever bright
Shows mercy's golden bridge, and waves of wrath

That thunder far beneath. No child need dread
That simple pathway o'er the gulf to tread.

An unseen Hand is there to guide him on,
 "From strength to strength," along the narrow road,
Till, the long journey and its toils all done,
 He rests within his heavenly abode,
And sees the wounded hands, the piercèd side,
Of Him who on the Cross was crucified.

When that redeeming work of Thine was o'er,
 The sacrifice of Thy dear Self complete,
There needed not, oh Lord, on any shore,
 Or in the years that yet mankind might greet,
To build fresh altars, or to offer Thee
Anew, for this world's sin and misery.

Lo, at Thy feet, oh Saviour ! now I kneel ;
 Thou once despised, rejected among men,
Give me a heart my guilt and woe to feel,
 Nor let me love the world's vain gauds again.
I come to Thee, my Saviour ! Take me home ;
My soul is weary, therefore am I come.

A wounded spirit, Lord, is mine ; the balm
 Thou hast will heal the ever-bleeding scar.
Oh, shed through all my breast the holy calm
 That Thou alone canst give ! Thou, once afar,
But now brought near by Thine own dying love,
Wash me, and fit me for the courts above.

EASTER EVEN.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." —
HEBREWS IV. 9.

AND now within the voiceless gloom
That haunts Thy quiet, shadowy tomb,
Where glowing garden-flowers are drest,
Saviour ! we lay Thee down to rest.
But Thou, who once did'st love to tell
Of the pure lily's sculptured bell,
Hast closed Thy calm, yet weary eye,
On all sweet buds that bloom and die.
The sorrow and the pangs are past,
Death's bitterness is o'er at last;
Thy lone disciples sadly weep,
But Thou, oh Lord, art fallen asleep.

A toilsome pilgrimage was Thine,
Meek Son of David's royal line !
A wanderer from Thy mortal birth—
Homeless upon this selfish earth :
Yet we, on whom the cross is laid,
Around whose path bright blossoms fade,
We make our peevish, fretful moan
O'er each fair, fragile treasure gone.

"We are so weary," oft we say,
"Oh! for a dove's swift wings to fly
Away from this grief-clouded scene,
To worlds where tears have never been!"

And so we mourn each little cross,
As 'twere our soul's eternal loss,
Nor think of Thee, who suffered more,
Yet never wished the trial o'er.
Dispel these sinful pinings, Lord,
And let such calm be on us poured,
Such perfect bending of the will,
That we may gladly linger still,
If here thou would'st have us stay,
To work for Thee the live-long day—
To glorify Thy Holy Name,
And spread abroad the Master's fame.

Then, Saviour! in Thine own good time,
Remove us to a purer clime;
Thou, who art merciful to save,
Go with us to the lonely grave.
I know to me Thou wilt not send
A glorious angel at the end,
But thou wilt come Thyself, oh Lord!
According to Thy promised word:
Thy hand wilt gently lead me through
The deathly flood, and around me strew
Sweet breathings of the Eden-shore,
Where I may rest my weary oar.

I know, my Lord, in whom I trust,
And Thou wilt guard my mouldering dust,
And brightly raise it from the ground,
When the last trumpet's blast shall sound.
I give my spirit to Thee now—
To Thee, who once did'st calmly bow
Beneath the dreaded monster's sting,
For oft Thy love I gladly sing ;
And death can hurt and sting no more ;
The spoiler's victories are o'er :
The dying hour has lost its gloom
Since Thou hast sanctified the tomb.

HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.

“ Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits
of them that slept.”—I CORINTHIANS XV. 20.

OH ! cloud-veiled hills, arise and sing !
Oh ! valleys let your sweet flowers bloom !
Let the whole earth with triumph ring,
Christ is victorious o'er the tomb !
No icy bands of death may ever keep
His chosen ones in everlasting sleep.

Christ has arisen from the dead!
The very shadows of the grave
Melt in the glorious sunshine shed
O'er Pisgah's top and Jordan's wave.
Who now will seek the final strife to fly?
Who now in Jesus Christ will dread to die?

"Christ hath risen!" Lo! the word
Lights up the landscape with a smile;
On the young vernal green is poured
The loveliness of Heaven awhile.
Hear it, ye ancient rocks! ye mountains grey!
Our Lord hath given the soul immortal day!

First-fruits of them that calmly sleep,
All shall in order rise like Thee!
Oh! childless mother, cease to weep,
Thy darling lives eternally;
Pale, lonely mourner, hush thy wailing strain,
For thou wilt meet the loved and lost again.

Oft in some ancient minster-aisle
I've wandered when the day was done,
And seen a soft, departing smile
Fall gently from the setting sun
On faded 'scutcheons of the olden time,
Bedight with motto quaint and antique rhyme.

There, where the dust of years hath lain,
I've read one bliss-inspiring word—
RESURGAM ! (I shall rise again).

How has my spirit upward soared
Amid those trophies of the elder days,
On beam of such immortal hope to gaze !

In sleep serene, in placid rest,
In tranquil, undisturbed repose,
Beneath this fair earth's em'rald breast
Christ's children slumber till Time's close.
The stately marble tomb, the grass-green sod,
Shall sink in ruins while they rise to God.

Let the triumphal anthem peal
Through every consecrated pile;
Let the clear hymn-notes sweetly steal,
Like seraph's songs, a little while.
Now, "let us keep the feast !" Our Easter-day
Is brightened with the Eternal Son's glad ray.

Dear risen Lord ! Thy love, Thy power we praise !
List while our feeble thanks are given,
While we our hallelujahs raise
To Thy high throne in yonder heaven !
"Death is the way to life," we loudly sing.
Christ led the way ;—through him to God we spring !

THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM.

“I shall see him, but not now : I shall behold him, but not
nigh : there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall
rise out of Israel.”—NUMBERS XXIV. 17.

UPON the steadfast mountain's brow
The altar-fires grew red ;
An awful and a lurid glow
On all around they shed.
Behold in their dread light the prophet stand,
Gazing with eagle-eye on Canaan's land.

A goodly heritage it seems—
Fair vales and gardens bright,
And through the trees the joyous streams
Are flashing silvery light ;
And o'er the dancing water's sunny play
Waves many a lovely flowret, sweet and gay.

Listen ! there rises on the air
Tones earnest, strange, and deep ;
Their solemn echo lingers there,
Upon the rocky steep :
“Cursed or bless'd, oh, Israel ! let him be
Who evermore shall curse or prosper thee.

“And, lo ! a glorious Star shall rise
Of Jacob's promised seed ;
Through all the dim, beclouded skies,
Its radiance shall exceed
The golden sunlight's cheering noonday power,
Or glow of harvest-moon in midnight hour.

“And I shall see that glorious Star !
See Him, but, oh ! not now ;
I shall behold His beams afar,
His triumphs I shall know ;
But near Him shall I never, never be.
Oh, darkness ! 'tis my doom to dwell with thee.”

Alas ! in thy sad fall we read,
Oh, Prophet ! dark and dread,
How pastors of a perfect creed
May all astray be led ;
And we behold in thy most awful doom
How Christless priests may die in rayless gloom.

A bitter portion will be theirs,
Who, at the last great day,
O'erwhelm'd with guilty fears and cares,
Behold in dire array
That Star on whose bright beams they would not
gaze,
But rather chose all wizard, heathen ways.

But we would see and know Thee now,
Saviour and Light divine !
Help us to serve Thee here below ;
Then with Thee let us shine ;
Oh, blessed Star ! the Church's beacon-light !
Guide us, until we leave this land of night.

JOY IN SORROW.

"And ye now therefore have sorrow ; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."—JOHN XVI. 22.

WHILE in this world we yet abide,
Sorrow walks with us side by side,
And tears around us fall :
Familiar friends are death and we ;
And toil, and care, and penury
Come without beck or call :
Year after year, with noiseless tread, speeds on,
And oft we mourn some idol dimmed or gone.

Must we, then, always weep and mourn ?
Must all our treasures aye be torn
From our endearing clasp ?
Must every lovely flower on earth
Perish within its hour of birth,
And thus elude our grasp ?

And must a funeral march for ever be
The way, oh God ! we tread this life to Thee ?

Oh, no ! there's not a single tear,
Nor disappointment, nor a fear
Our trembling bosoms know,
But Thou, oh, God ! has placed it there,—
A seed whence beauteous plants and fair
Shall sweetly spring and grow :
And by-and-bye, transplanted to heaven's bowers,
The unfolded buds shall bloom perennial flowers.


The deepest grief, the bitterest woe,
That shades our footsteps here below,
Has many an hour of calm.
Some clear blue smiling line of sky,
'Mid sable clouds we oft descry ;
And how the stately palm,
And gushing fountain, with green turf around,
Dot like cool emerald isles the desert's ground.

Each year must have its sun and rain,
Each life its happiness and pain !
How would the corn-ears spring
If early showers should cease to fall ?
How ripen, if a huge dark pall
Of clouds should widely fling
Their gloom thro' all the bright autumnal days,
And shroud the sultry sun's warm ripening rays ?

Think, then, thy sorrows are but showers .
To fructify thy heart's best flowers.
Hast thou not haply seen
A rose-tree in one stormy night
Freed from some insect's cankering blight
That pierced its healthy green ?
So troubles sent by God but purify
And meeten all thy soul for bliss on high.

And when the gentle sunshine gleams,
And all serene the summer beams,
Thou tak'st thy placid way ;
Thank God for every quiet hour,
And like the honey-bee, thy store
Enrich from day to day ;
That so for thy Great Master thou may'st be,
In His pruned garden, no unfruitful tree.

And then, to safely dwell at last,
Where sorrows are for ever past,
Thy *face*, dear Lord, to see !
How like a long-forgotten dream
Our deepest anguish then will seem,
The while we live with Thee,
In joy that none can ever take away,
In joy that shall endure through endless day.



THE GOD OF NATURE.

“Hear, O Israel : the Lord our God is one Lord.”—DEUT.
VI. 4.

Thou art the only Lord !
 Thou reignest, God alone,
 By saints and angels all adored
 High on Thy glorious throne.

Beyond the rainbow's arch,
 Beyond the vault of sky,
 Beyond the rolling planets' march,
 Thou dwell'st in majesty !

God of Creation ! Thou
 Did'st plan its wondrous frame ;
 All creatures at thy footstool bow ;
 Thou' ever art the same !

Each silken flower, each tree,
 Each gentle murmuring stream,
 Reflects some lovely light from Thee,
 Some soul-inspiring beam.

The ever-flowing wave,
 Its booming on the shore,
 The stern rocks that the billows lave
 And echo to their roar ;

The wild wind, with each tone
Of strange deep mystery fraught ;—
Oh, back again by that low moan
The buried past is brought.—

And all the mountains old,
The steadfast and serene !
That lift their solemn peaks so cold
High o'er the forests green ;

The glaciers, icy, still !
The snow-crowned Alpine horn,
The lone wood's whispering music-thrill
When lilies pure are born.

The meek soft eye of blue,
That gleams so pure and high ;
The queen-like roses' glowing hue,
The violet's purple dye.

ALL speak to us of Thee,
Oh, universal King !
God of the mountains and the sea,
And the silvery flowing spring.

Oh, God of grace and love !
Art not all kingdoms Thine ?
The New Jerusalem above,
And this vain heart of mine ?

Hast *Thou* not called it home
From troublous paths of sin?
Did'st Thou not bid Thy Spirit come
To light the shades within?

Lord ! dwell Thou in my heart,
And pride and self dethrone ;
Bid every idol thence depart,
And reign and rule alone.

And when I gladly look,
And gaze with joyful eye
On each fair page of Nature's book,
Be Thou for ever nigh.

That so, Thy love and grace,
Thy wisdom and Thy might,
I never *there* may fail to trace
In lines of living light.

And be Thou evermore
My safety, my abode,
My guide, till earthly life be o'er,
My Father, and my God !



HYMN FOR ASCENSION DAY.

“While they beheld He was taken up ; and a cloud received Him out of sight.—ACTS I. 9,

Thou art gone up on high !
Up from the darksome grave.
Thou hast known what pain it is to die ;
Thou hast crossed death's bitter wave.
Now Thou hast soared to Thy bright throne ;
Thy grief is o'er—Thy work is done !

And, lo ! the sound of wings,
Fanning the deep blue air :
And sudden light and glory springs ;
And angels pure and fair
Stand on the mountain's summit green,
Where late the ascended Christ hath been.

“Your Lord will come again !”
The angelic beings say ;
“No more in lowliness and pain,
Nor in despised array ;
Yet will He come in mortal form,
Triumphant over every storm.

“Up! up! through shining clouds
Ye saw Him heavenward go!
The dazzling mist His figure shrouds
From mortal gaze below.
But in the clouds shall ye once more
Behold your Master and adore!”

We know, Lord, Thou wilt come,
Thy banners all unfurled,
To call Thy waiting servants home—
To judge the guilty world.
A “day of terrors” must that be
To sinful, frail mortality.

And yet beneath Thy cross,
The *ransomed* soul may stay;
Nor weep o’er ruin, care, or loss,
Nor mourn the earth’s decay.
That Saviour is both Judge and Friend,
And loves His children to the end.

Because He dwells on high
He calls them thither too,
In glorious mansions of the sky
He seals that bond anew;
That covenant that speaks to me,
“Where I am shall my servants be!”

There let our spirits dwell,
Even while in fleshly clay ;
We linger as in mouldering cell
Till dawns a better day.
Risen with Thee to realms above,
Be there our hearts—our deepest love.

And when the trumpet's sound
Proclaims the final close
Of earthly kingdoms—wakes the dead
From their long-sealed repose—
Then, Saviour, let us rise to Thee,
And see Thy face eternally.

THE TWO HERITAGES.

"See, I have set before thee this day life, and good, and death,
and evil."—DEUT. xxx., 15.

If, beneath thy native skies
Thou should'st see with mortal eyes
Two divided tracts of land ;—
One a barren waste of sand,
Where no gentle flowers grow ;—
Where beneath the uncultured rock
Rushes no pure streamlet's flow,
Feeds no fair and fleecy flock ;—

And its dismal boundary
Such a dark unfathom'd sea
As might scare the calmest breast
From its gentle dreams of rest ;
Not a tree on all its plain,
Not a green refreshing bank,
Not a sylvan shady lane ;
Only noxious herbs and rank !

And the other country !—bright,
Smiling in the sun's sweet light ;
Spicy odours on the gale,
Beauteous flowers in every vale ;
Many a clear and crystal fountain
Winding through the grass its way,
Many a proud and goodly mountain
Purpled with the heather gay ;

Many a tall fruit-laden tree,
Many a herd on hill and lea,
Many a song in twilight grey
Making glad the parting day !
Would'st thou ponder, and perchance
Look upon the other side,
Would'st thou throw a longing glance
On that dark sea's soundless tide ?

No ! thou would'st straightway take
Flowery land and shining lake ;

Thou would'st turn away in scorn
From the wilderness forlorn
And pursue the pleasant track—
Woods and glades and meadows o'er;
Never stopping to look back
On that melancholy shore.

Pilgrim ! in life's changeful scene
Thou art placed two worlds between :
One is fair as fair can be,—
One is rife with misery ;
One will lead thee straight to hell,
Many a sorrow on its way ;
One conducts where angels dwell,
Keeping endless Sabbath day.

Yet thou lingerest in thy choice,
Choos'est with a wavering voice ;—
Ah ! a mist is round thee thrown,
Dazzled is thy vision grown
And that frightful barren land,
Steeped in golden vapours, seems
Like an El Dorado-strand,
Where the pearl and diamond gleam.

List not to the flatterer's tone,
Rather hear his victim's groans ;
Pray !—the illusive mist will fly,
Clearer grow thine earnest eye :

Thou wilt see those castles, large,
Grand, and beautiful, and bright,
Live but in the false mirage
That deceives thy clouded sight.

Stay no longer, wait no more,
Seek the holier, purer shore ;
Lovelier, better will it grow,
As old Time doth onward flow ;
Till, its earthly confines past,
Thou wilt find a country fair,
Still more blessed than the last,
Glorious beyond compare.

There the Saviour, on His throne,
Wears the mediatorial crown ;
There the saints are gathered home,
Hark ! they gently whisper, " Come !"
Life and death before thee lie ;
Choose the good in this thy day ;
Christ has ope'd the gate on high :—
" *Come !*" the Bride and Spirit say.



THE DEATH OF JOSHUA.

“And behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth.”
—JOSHUA XXIII., 14.

Thy pilgrimage is o'er at last ;
The shades of death are gathering fast ;
From year to year, from day to day,
Thou leddest Israel on their way :
Fair seemed to thee the promised shore,—
Now thou art called from hence to soar,

To go the way of all the earth,
The last dread stage of mortal birth ;
To pay the penalty that all
Have paid since Adam's primal fall ;
For all have bowed beneath the rod,
Save him of old, who “walked with God,”

And him, the prophet of the Lord,
The seer who spake his Master's word,
Who felt no sense, no pulse expire,
But in his chariot of fire,
Through the blue air ascended high,
To live and love immortally !

All nature dies ! the trees and flowers,
The mosses green, the jasmine bowers ;
The fawn that thro' the forest strays,
The lamb that in the meadow plays ;
The little bird, whose silvery song
Floats sweetly the dim woods among.

Sinless and pure, these droop and die !
Beneath the gray autumnal sky
The last bright summer roses fade,
The sere leaves rustle in the shade ;
Or on lone banks neglected lie,
Stricken with cold mortality.

And thou, oh child of fallen race !
Thou, too, must meet death's chill embrace ;
Patriarchs, prophets, martyrs !—all
Have listened to His mighty call ;
Thou, too, must be content to sleep
Where the sad willows wave and weep.

Leader of Israel ! dost thou fear,
Knowing the closing strife is near ?
The king of terrors waits for thee,
His icy grasp thou can'st not flee ;
Doth not thine aged cheek turn pale,
Thy courage and thy spirit fail ?

No ! in thy calm untroubled eye
We read thy soul's deep fervency ;
Thou longest for thy bright abode,
Thou pressest on to meet thy God :
He, who hath cheered thee all the way.
Will be thine everlasting stay !

To those who trust in Christ alone,
Whom He Himself doth seal and own,
Oh Death ! thou art no direful king—
Rather an angel with pale wing,
And gentle, loving, solemn eye,
Waiting to bear the soul on high.

Dear Saviour ! we commit to Thee
Our spirits for eternity ;
In life's last twilight grant us peace,
Bid every doubt and sorrow cease ;
For Thou alone can'st blessings shed
To soothe and cheer a dying bed.



THE SANCTUARIES OF ENGLAND.

“My house is the house of prayer.”—LUKE XIX., 46.

How fair and beautiful they stand ;
 Cathedrals old, and village fanes,—
 The shrines and temples of our land !—
 How sweetly chime the hallowed strains
 Of Sabbath bells, when on some summer morn
 The faint winds wake and tender flowers are born.

By the wild bounding mountain streams,
 Through many a lone green wood and dell,
 That nestles 'neath the sun's warm beams,
 We hear the solemn-sounding bell,
 Calling our souls from earthly cares away,
 To lift the heart and bow the knee to pray.

And round the ancient mossy walls
 Lies many a rudely-sculptured tomb ;
 And from the turf a deep tone calls,
 Bidding us pierce the grave's dark gloom ;
 And as we tread the consecrated ground,
 The spirit of the past seems hov'ring round.

There the lov'd pastor's voice is heard,
And there perchance the rustic choir
Sing cheerily, till hearts are stirr'd
And bosoms glow with holy fire ;
And though rude speech and rustic garb are there,
Upriseth in that church true praise and prayer.

Or do we kneel in minster-piles
Where lie the crown'd and mitred dead ?
Through all the arched and pillar'd aisles
We pace with slow and reverent tread ;
Here, too, 'mid chancel, carvèd stall, and screen,
Thy praises, Lord ! for centuries have been.

Such are Thy courts ; nor these alone ;
For Thou hast other sanctuaries,
Where chant and rite are all unknown,
And priestly stole, and high decrees !
All shrines are Thine, where Jesu's love is spoken—
All altars Thine, where bread of Life is broken !

My House shall be a house of prayer !
So said our Saviour when He trod
The Jewish Temple bright and fair :
And He will make His sure abode
In earthly fanes, where rings the song of praise
That contrite pardon'd sinners humbly raise.

And Thou, oh Lord ! art everywhere—
Where two or three together meet
In Thy dear Name, Thou hearest prayer,
And answerest from Thy mercy-seat ;
But most Thou lovest Zion's sacred gate,
Where all Thy saints in bless'd communion wait.

Oh ! let no idols e'er defile
The hallowed churches of our land ;
Look down upon us with a smile,
Whenever in Thy House we stand ;
Dispel the gathering gloom of error's night,
Send forth Thy Spirit, grant us truth and light.

And, Saviour, when we meekly kneel
Around Thy table, 'neath Thy dome,
Let no vain fancies o'er us steal—
Call wandering thoughts and senses home—
Lest Thou should'st scourge us, as Thou did'st of old
Those who in Judah's temple bought and sold.

Give us Thy blessing ere we go
Back to the busy world again—
Thy presence and Thy love bestow—
Let us in heart with Thee remain,
Till death shall bid imperfect praises cease,
Till Thou dost call us to Thyself in peace.

EARTH'S PRIMAL SABBATH.

“He hath done all things well.”—MARK VII. 37.

EARTH's primal Sabbath ! what a dawn
 Was that which ushered in the morn,
 When Nature, stainless and new-born,
 Beheld the placid sky !
 When in her unpolluted glow—
 Sinless and pure—the bright waves flow,
 And every mountain's steadfast brow
 Smiled in serenity !

Then sang the morning stars ! and all
 The wide world heard the welcome call ;
 Then from the forest, proud and tall,
 From off the untravers'd main,—
 From every leaf, and bud, and tree,—
 From every wingèd minstrel, free
 To trill his notes o'er shore and sea—
 Awoke that lofty strain.

Sweet Paradise ! how fair a scene
 In thy young gardens must have been ;
 Soft emerald slopes and bowery green,
 And crystal stream and flood !

God saw thy yet untrodden dells,
Thy flowers with all their fragrant cells,
Their dewy cups, and radiant bells,
And all was very good !

Four thousand years have pass'd away,
And, lo ! enshrined in human clay,
Bowing to mortal rule and sway,
The promised Saviour comes !
He, by whose word all worlds were made,
Before whose glance all kingdoms fade,
Comes in His fleshly form arrayed,
To visit earthly home.

No hosts of angels gather round,
No bright wing sweeps the trembling ground,
No flaming guards their King surround ;
All meekly and alone
The Saviour mingles here below
With all the needy poor, and low,
With parents whose sad tears o'erflow
For dearest treasures gone.

In many a heart He kindles faith,
And at His voice the parting breath
Returns with freshen'd force. Pale death
Obeys the mighty spell !

He wipes the mourner's bitter tear,
Gives peace and joy for restless fear ;
Lo ! the dumb speak, the deaf can hear,—
He doeth all things well !

Perchance some murmur of surprise,
Some swelling sigh, some doubt may rise,
To think how oft beneath these skies
Wrong triumphs over right ;
Imperfect vision clouds thy gaze—
Thou dost not, can'st not, know His ways ;
In patience wait a few short days,
And darkness will be light !

And thou shalt see the pain, and wrong,
The tyranny that conquer'd long,
The storm that blasted all the throng,
The sorrows that befell,
Were links wrought in a golden chain
To draw Christ's saints to Him again,
Where they may join the Apostle's strain—
“ He hath done all things well ! ”



ON THE SHORE.

“Fear ye not me ? saith the Lord : will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it : and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail ; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it ?”—JEREMIAH V. 22.

I SEE the ocean's foaming wave,
I hear its rising billows rave
Round beetling cliff and shingly stone,
Mantled with sea-weed's hue alone ;
On high the sable sullen clouds
Hang heavily as dismal shrouds,
And through the dark tempestuous sky
The sea-bird shrieks her piercing cry.

On, onward roll the waves along ;
The waste of waters, fierce and strong,
Swell with a booming thunder roar,
And sweeps the lone deserted shore !
Will it not, in its giant might,
O'erwhelm those hapless vales to-night ?
No ! it is stayed upon the strand
By this firm boundary of sand !

Again, it is a calmer hour,
The winds are hush'd, the storm is o'er ;

And eve's rich crimson, deep and bright,
Leaves on the sea a flushing light :
The soft autumnal moon on high
Pours down her mellow radiancy ;
The curlew sleeps in rocky nest,
The quiet world sinks down to rest.

Even the hoary breast of ocean
Heaves with a placid, lulling motion,
And all the pale stars mirror'd lie
Within what seems another sky ;
The fisher homeward plies his oar,
And I, upon this pleasant shore,
Trace my Creator's mighty hand
In each small grain of soft cool sand.

'Tis sweet to read in every line
Of this fair scene the Name Divine ;
The moon and stars in yonder heaven,
For signs and seasons to us given ;
The ever-changing, soundless sea,
O'erswept by many a wild-wing free ;
The evening breeze, the watery moan,
Speak of thy love in every tone.

Oh ! thou that rulest storms and waves,
That sealest up the deep's lone caves,
Who quellest e'en the rising tide,
Oh ! speak to human passion's pride ;

Let not its surges proudly go
Thine heritage to overflow ;
But let the whole earth worship Thee—
Thou who can'st bind the unfetter'd sea.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

“Consider the lilies of the field.”—MATTHEW VI. 28.

How have I loved you, gentle flowers,
Through many balmy summers past ;
And still your haunts and leafy bowers
Have some strange magic spells to cast
A line of freshness on the saddened brow,
To flush the faded cheek with youthful glow.

Ye bring back lovely, sunny dreams
Of long-untrodden verdant woods,
Of tangled paths by mountain streams,
And rocks o'erhanging lonely floods ;—
Sweet hallowed scenes ! where we were wont to roam
In flowery vales around our childhood's home.

But we are deeply chang'd since then ;
The trusting, guileless heart is gone ;
Our intercourse with worldly men
Has all those early blossoms shorn ;
Ye are the same, roses and lilies pure !
Your first-born graces to the end endure.

Through silent dell and shady grove
We track your starry beauty now ;
'Tis pleasant 'mid your blooms to rove,
And listen to the brooklet's flow !
On this soft bank the violet's breath hath been,
Here gleams the fair wood-sorrel's tender green.

The frail rock-cistus, and the rose,
Blushing like crimson clouds of eve,
Here fold them in their meek repose ;
And here the bindweed loves to weave
Its emerald chain ; while flowers of pearly white
Expand, and clasp its links with gems of light.

Here, too, beneath the o'er-arching trees
The wild wood-strawberry blossoms fair ;
All seem to kiss the evening breeze,
And close their buds without a care !
And can it be ? their home, their place of birth
Is this cold soil, this sorrow-stricken earth.

Not so ! in earlier, happier hours,
Ere sin had spread its gloomy taint,
They spangled Eden's blessed bowers
With hues that art could never paint ;
Of Eden's innocence and peace we are bereft,
But ye, oh precious flowers ! are kindly left.

Left by a Father's gentle hand !
He might have cast a deadly blight
On every blade, in every land,
And bidden each song-bird take its flight ;
An inharmonious, flowerless world, might well
Have been the exile's lot, wherein to dwell.

But no ! He would not take away
Two of the sweetest treasures given ;
Fair blossoms cheering all the day,
And human love !—rich gift of heaven :
He left them here, nor bade them hence depart,
That man might gaze around with softening heart.

It is a poet's vision wild,
Perchance a childish idle dream,
That all the flowers so pure and mild
Meet emblems of affection seem :
Bright flowers and love, both born in Paradise,
Both left alone beneath these bleaker skies !

Ye seem the sacramental sign
Of love that God in Eden bless'd !
Petals with many a vein and line,
And hearts in other hearts to rest !
One is the outward flower, earth's welcome guest,
And one the hidden blossom of the breast.

Ye have another lesson too,
Written on every stem and leaf,
On every glowing radiant hue,
On all your beauty, bright yet brief;
Ye have your voices, and ye seem to say,
“Mortal, uncloud thy brow, put grief away.”

And we will hear your sweet command,
For Christ Himself taught ye to say,
“The lilies grow o’er all the land,
They toil not, spin not, day by day;
Oh, faithlessness! and will not God clothe ye,
And feed ye too, wherever ye may be?”

We thank Thee, Father, for Thy love,
For each enamelled mead and dell;
Saviour, we bless Thy Name! The grove,
Through Thee, doth many a history tell;
And ye, sweet flowers! your loveliness was giv’n,
Ever to raise our souls from earth to heaven.



THE FAMILY.

“I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,
of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.”—
EPHESIANS III. 14, 15.

A VAST unnumbered family,
United in one living Head !
Gathered from many creeds and climes—
Some still on earth, some with the dead.

Some tread the lonely hills and vales,
And calmly live in rural shade ;
Some in the city's dismal haunts
In want and sickness pine and fade.

O'er the wide world are scattered far
These children of the second birth ;
They know no sure abiding place
On this dark wilderness of earth.

They own no settled mansions here,
Pilgrims and strangers on the way ;
They look for an eternal home—
A tenement without decay !

They claim one Father, Lord Supreme,
One Saviour ; by whose wondrous love
The adopted family was formed
To serve Him here, then praise above.

Some of its members in this world
Linger awhile, and wait, and roam ;
The road is thorny, drear, and long;
Yet thousands have arrived at home.

And still the circle is but ONE !
The golden chain is all unbroken ;
They who are upward gone before
Claim kindred yet by many a token.

Life is a weary pilgrimage !
A toilsome journey at the best,
Which all must tread, ere they at last
Are gathered to their endless rest.

We yet pass on from stage to stage,
Upon the heavenly highway road ;
The dead in Christ have ceased the march,
And found their sure, prepared abode.

One family ! how many hearts,
Breaking with separation's pain,
May part with half their bitter grief ;
For souls shall re-unite again.

One family ! In Jesus Christ
Their consanguinity is found,
Nor hell nor death may break the ties
Of saints by Him together bound.

One home, one hope, one path is theirs,
One earthly pathway here they tread ;
Some in the morn, and some at noon,
And some at evening join their Head.

Oh, Saviour! guide us, lead us on
To where our brethren see Thy face ;
Death will but call the exiles home,
To mingle many a warm embrace.

MARTYRDOM.

AMID the cities' throngs, where towers arise,
And stately palaces uprear their walls,
Where gilded domes are bright 'neath sunny skies,
Where banners flutter over regal halls,—
Full many a consecrated spot is there
Made holy by the Martyr's dying prayer.

Oh ! could their prison-cells lift up a voice,
How would they tell how oft the sufferers made
Their firm, undaunted, all-unwavering choice
To die, without one hope of human aid,
Rather than bear the Apostate's stain and blight,
Rather than cast away the soul's pure light !

But they are silent ! yet perchance is shown
Some quaint dark square within the city's heart,
Where still old mouldering gothic gables frown,
And there, 'tis told, they bore their lofty part,
Bowing, with gaze serene 'neath cruel death,
Nor yielding in that hour their precious faith.

And far away, in lonely solitude,
Among the ancient mountains bare and grey,
'Mid awful crags, and ravines wild and rude
The Martyr mingles with his native clay.
There is a spell in those damp rugged caves,
On those low mossy cairns and nameless graves ;

A spell to waken thought within the breast,
To raise strange questionings of bygone hours,
And marvel how they sank to perfect rest,
Casting no wistful glance on earth's green bowers ;
But patiently upon the humid sod,
Yielding their steadfast spirits to their God.

The wanderer muses on the unlettered stones
Till all the buried past seems here again ;
He lists in fancy to the victim's groans,
Wrung out by agonies of sharpest pain—
There, in the rocky cave, the martyr stands
With brow serene, and prayer-uplifted hands.

He breathes no wrathful words, no tearful eye
Telleth of grief or fear ! A righteous calm
Is in his heart who cometh there to die ;

He yearns to clasp the promised crown and palm,
He looks above, beyond the deep blue sky ;
Perhaps some angels wait him there on high.

Whence comes this trust, this placid joy and peace?

The red flames glow, the glittering steel is bright ;
And yet the martyr's anthems do not cease,

Still shines unquenched, his eyes triumphant light :
Death is upon his brow ! but in his soul
The everlasting hallelujahs roll.

Unseen, but not unfelt, the Lord is there ;

And though the crowd see not, the sufferer may,
That human form so gloriously fair,

Yet robed in Majesty's Divine array :
Christ never leaves His children in the dark,
To sink forlorn with wrecked and shattered bark.

In persecution's fierce consuming fire,

In scorn, contempt, reproach, and bitter shame,
In tribulations manifold and dire ;

In bigotry's relentless scorching flame
The Saviour treads ; and lo ! the bed of death
Is fragrant with the coming Eden's breath.

The swords are sheath'd, the piles no longer burn,
But still a heritage of grief is ours ;
We who would follow Christ to death must learn
To lean on Him whene'er the tempest lowers,
Living or dying through each day and night
Be Thou, oh Saviour ! our Eternal light.

EVENING MUSINGS.

"When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."—PROVERBS III. 24.

CALMLY the shades of evening fall,
The twilight gleams are gone ;
And in the fading west there shines
One golden line alone :
The faint stars tremble in the blue
And cloudless dome of sky,
One planet casts its pale, soft light
From its lone sphere on high.

The full moon gazes on the lake,
The flowers are all asleep,
Fast folded every bloom and bud,
While night-dews round them weep ;
The old church walls, the ivy'd tower,
The pinnacles so grey,
Are resting in their still repose
Beneath the silvery ray.

In sacred ground the mouldering dead
Under the grass are laid,
And down the silent avenue,
The leaves that early fade
Are rustling on the pleasant turf ;
And sound of distant streams,
And waterfalls, in far-off woods,
Awaken thoughts like dreams.

I, too, like all the tired world,
Will close my weary eyes,
Nor fear the lonely midnight-hour,
For morn again will rise;
And thro' the watches of the night
My God will guard me well,
Angels will hover round my couch—
Their bright forms with me dwell.

And slumber, placid, sweet, and calm,
Will fold me all around ;
In firmest trust I lay me down,
In confidence profound—
For Thou art He that sleepest not,
But with untiring gaze
O'erlookest Thine own chosen ones
Through all their earthly days.

No doting mother, kind and fond,
E'er clasped upon her breast
Her infant's form, and lulled it there
To tranquil, peaceful rest,

With half the love that Thou dost feel
For those Thou call'st Thine own :
Guarding their couch, guiding their step,
Hearing their feeblest moan.

There is another, darker night—
The solemn night of death !
To Thee, oh Saviour ! may I yield
My last expiring breath :
Trusting in Thy dear blood alone
I'll gently close mine eyes,
And on the Resurrection morn
With all Thy saints arise.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

"The Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body."—PHILIPPIANS III. 20.

Now are the woods all rich with hues
And gorgeous dyes like radiant gems ;
Yet every breeze around us strews
The yellow leaves; while boughs and stems
Show bare in the autumnal sunset's glow
That gleams with soft and transcendent light on all below.

A few pale flowers yet linger on,—
Their dying beauty seems to cast
A tender gleam; the rest are gone,
And these are left to fade the last;
The autumn-daisy lifts its cheerful head—
Fair seems its golden disc when brighter blooms are fled.

The reaper's toil is over now,
The gleaner gathers not her corn,
The scarlet poppy doth not blow;
And o'er the hills the hunter's horn
Wakens lone echoes, and wild gusts arise,
Sweeping the crimson leaf that in the forest dies.

It seemeth but few days ago
Since meads, and vales, and woods were green;
All glittering in vernal show,
Yon brooklet shone thro' flowery screen;
Then came full summer-tide, that knew no night
When e'en the darkest hours caught some sweet rays of
light.

But that fair time has passed away,
The year is growing pale, and old,
The groves sink gently to decay,
The evening mists are damp and cold!
Shorter and shorter grow the sunny hours,
More sere the branches wave; and all the woodland
bowers,

And murmuring sounds of change and death,
And dreams of hopes long laid aside,
The golden visions of young faith,
That long ago have drooped and died !
All these seem whispering in the parting day,
In the wet fallen leaves, and thro' the heavens grey.

How like to mortal life ! that knows
Sweet spring and lovely summer's prime,
That wears pale wreaths upon its brow,
Then fades at last in winter-time.
My soul ! thou must at length put off thy clay,
Thy fragile tenement must moulder and decay.

I read in every withered leaf
A token, prophecy, and sign,
That, even so, as frail and brief,
Must be this earthly shell of mine ;
Soon must I bid the world a last farewell,
This glorious world of flowers where yet I love to dwell.

But not with bitter grief and tears
Shall I from this dim life depart ;
Death brings no tremors and no fears
To this poor failing human heart :
My outward man will slumber in the tomb :—
Yet the Archangel's Trump shall pierce the grave's
dark gloom.

These woods will all be green again,
And in their depths the birds will sing,—
The lark will pour his lofty strain
Through many a future budding spring ;
And I too have my spring—a spring of joy—
Where nought the expanded flower shall canker or
destroy.

Oh ! wonder, glorious and strange,
Sin, sorrow, exiled evermore !
Our Lord Himself will work that change,
When mortal strife and pangs be o'er ;
Like to the Saviour's will these bodies be—
Bright, incorruptible, to live immortally !

Dear Saviour, grant us now Thy grace,
Now bid us hear Thy gentle voice ;
That when at last we see Thy face
Our spirits may in Thee rejoice ;
And when upon the dying world we gaze,
Teach us to muse on Thee, and on our latter days.



THE MOURNER.

"The heart knoweth his own bitterness ; and the stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."—PROVERBS XIV. 10.

THE lonely heart ! that could have lov'd so well,
That would have stored within its secret cell
Some bright and treasured form ! day after day
It sadly beats, while one by one decay

Fair hopes, long nursed through many painful hours,
And dreams that spake of sun, and light, and flowers !
All, all are faded ; every wistful gaze
And lingering glance is veiled in sorrow's haze.

And yet the tearless eye, the brow serene,
The uncomplaining speech, the settled mien,
Hide from a careless world the weight of woe,
The soul's deep gulfs that rise and overflow.

Calm and profound, and slow and silent ever,
Rolls on its way the dark unfathomed river ;
While the gay streamlet babbling down the hills
Tells all the wonders of its shadow rills.

The tomb is silent, and the ocean-waves
Speak not of pearly grotts and treasure-caves ;
And so strong hearts, unechoing to the crowd,
In outward stillness make themselves a shroud.

Oh ! never say thy brother's grief is light,
Because he wears a smile when in thy sight ;
Oh ! never say his tears are wiped away,
Because he doffs the mourner's sad array.

Or if a shade of gloom rest on his brow,
And from his cheek departs health's rosy glow,
Condemn him not for sullen, cold despair,—
Thou knowest not his hidden pain and care.

Perhaps the things that seem so fair and bright
To thine unblighted youth, are tinged with night
To him who weeps in secret o'er the past,
O'er faded joys too brilliant to last.

The sunny skies, the blooming days of June,
The morning hymn, the old familiar tune,
The ancient aisles wherein our fathers trod,
The altars where they knelt before their God.

The stream's low ripple at the sunset hour,
The well-known chimes that tell day's toil is o'er ;—
All these may bring sweet memories to thy breast,
And lovely dreams of peace, and love, and rest.

And yet the selfsame sounds may yield to him
Remembrance fraught with anguish ! Pale and dim
May seem to his sad heart the flowery scene,
And dull and colourless earth's vivid green.

Thou can'st not tell what thoughts lie deep and still
Beneath an aspect seeming proud and chill ;
Scorn not the lonely one, nor call it pride,
The grief that seeks in solitude to hide.

And thou, forlorn one ! art thou *quite* alone?
Is every kindred voice and spirit gone ?
Of all that press around, a kindly band,
Can none thy strange, deep yearnings understand ?

Yet is there one true Heart that beats with thine,
That knoweth all thy pain—a Heart Divine !
Our Master, Jesus, hears the midnight sigh,
And sees mute anguish in the unmoistened eye.

And though thy brethren coldly turn away,
And careless throngs condemn thee day by day,
His sympathising love will never fail;—
Go to His throne, and there repeat thy tale.

And tell it often, o'er and o'er again,
Nor fear to weary with the plaintive strain ;
And think no more that thou art desolate,
Thine Elder Brother shares and feels thy fate.

Oh, Saviour ! who dost scan the sealèd heart,
There plant Thy grace, nor let it thence depart ;
O'er every grief thy love and solace cast,
And take the mourner to Thyself at last.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

"He is a chosen vessel unto me."—ACTS IX. 15.

THE lonely plain is wellnigh past,
The city turrets rise at last
In towering majesty against the sky ;
Proudly the palmy desert-queen
Reposes like an island green
In the wild, rocky waste that round her lies.

They come ! a troop—a martial band !
With heart of steel, and ruthless hand,
Their leader urges on his tired steed ;
Nor stays to muse by Pharpar's stream,
That forward glides with pleasant gleam—
But travels on with fiery haste and speed.

When lo ! there falls a radiance bright—
A strange, unearthly, dazzling light—
That strikes the awe-struck leader to the ground.
A voice from heaven cries aloud !
The speechless, terror-stricken crowd
Behold no form, yet hear the awful sound.

“ Who art thou, Lord ? ” the trembler cries,
“ That callest from the glittering skies ? ”
And the voice answered, “ I am He,
The promised Stem of Jesse’s Root ;
Jesus, whom thou dost persecute—
It is too hard for thee to strive with Me ! ”

Years roll away ; on every strand
The Apostle of the Gentiles’ land,
With fearless joy, and eloquence sublime,
Calls many a soul from utter death ;
And preaches Christ his Master’s faith
On distant shores, and in a far-off clime.

In perils, dangers, and distress,
Hunger and thirst, and nakedness,
He meekly glories. For His Saviour’s sake
He gladly would endure the pain,
Though it were thrice renewed again,
Rather than those dear bonds of Jesus break.

In Lystra’s gate he bears the rod,
Knowing the kingdom of his God
Through tribulation must be reached at last ;
In Thyatira’s dungeon strong
He sings a glad, triumphant song,
Till bands are loosened by an earthquake’s blast.

We see him on the stormy deep,
When waves arise like mountains steep ;—
Then in his own hired house in regal Rome,
We read his words of peace and love,
His message from the world above,
To call repenting sinners to their home.

And this is he who went his way,
Chartered to bind, and vex, and slay
The Church of Christ just rising in the wild.
Now, see him ! on his steadfast brow,
With gentle grace the white hairs flow,
And “ Paul the Aged’s ” gaze is calm and mild.

God looked and choose him for His own ;
And so the haughty heart of stone
Was melted in one little moment’s space :
The proud, self-righteous Pharisee
Found perfect pardon, full and free ;
And through the world he trod, from grace to grace,

Working his blessed Master’s will,
Yet ever leaning on Him still.
And oftentimes uprose his solemn voice,
Telling of Death destroyed and slain,—
Of rising from the tomb again,—
Till, as we read, our hearts in God rejoice.

Though faint our gaze, and very dim,
Yet would we follow after him,
Even, oh Saviour ! as he followed Thee.
Thy Spirit is the Christian's dower :
Now, like a fertilizing shower,
Upon Thy Church and pastors let its influence be.

THE CHISTIAN NAME.

“And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.”
ACTS XI. 26.

THE Christian name ! how sweet it sounds !
And yet what import deep it bears.
Who is the Christian ? Who but he
That trusts to God all mortal cares ?

A soldier on the battle-field,
Who knows not when the fight is done,
Obeying his great captain's eye
Till the last victory is won.

A sailor on life's stormy main ;
Now smooth as glass, now wild the wave ;
The restless torrents swiftly glide
On to Eternity's deep grave.

A labourer, inly pledged to till
A flinty and unkindly soil
Beneath the morning's misty ray,
And thro' the noontide heat to toil.

A shepherd, mid the mountains old,
Or in the dense, unlovely town,
To feed Christ's flock with willing heart,
Nor grasp at worldly spoil or crown.

The strife is long, the conflict warm,
The Christian warrior may not yield;
His weapons are invincible.
His breastplate truth, and faith his shield.

Often to tremble, but not faint ;
Fearing, and yet despairing not ;
Hoping, believing, weeping oft,
This is the Christian's earthly lot.

Yet droop thou not ! unfurl thy sails,
Trust thyself on the billowy sea ;
Thou hast a Pilot at the helm,
Who will not let thee shipwrecked be.

Heed not the surf, the frowning reef,
A light beams from the Eternal shore ;
Be patient for a little while,
The voyage now is almost o'er.

See, on the waters dim and dark,
How beams that pure, unearthly light ;
Each moment brings thee nearer home,
The beacon waxes still more bright.

Christian ! this world is not thy rest ;
Think thou art on a troubled main
That must be cross'd, tho' rough the waves,
Thro' perils, tempests, toils, and pain.

Heaven is thine haven ! Christ thy Star
That guides thee o'er the rolling deep ;
The magnet that attracts thy bark,
When the weak heart sinks down to sleep.

Think that the port is closer, as
Each sad or happy hour is past ;
Ere long the Heavenly towers will rise,
And in death's stream their shadows cast.



ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

JUNE 24.

“The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the LORD, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.”—ISAIAH XL. 3.

THOU art gone home, true saint of God !
 Thy glorious work is o'er and done ;
 Now will we muse and talk of thee,
 The while the glowing summer sun
 Shines placidly o'er woodland height, and screen
 Of forest leaves, robed in all hues of green.

And now in fancy let us turn
 And gaze upon the desert wild,
 And see thee there, in prophet's garb,
 Though yet a stripling and a child ;
 Then hear in later days thy earnest cry,
 Sounding beneath the bright Judean sky—

“ Repent, repent ! for nigh at hand
 The kingdom of our God is come ! ”
 And multitudes are flocking round ;
 And travellers, as they onward roam,
 Approach to listen to that message strange,
 That bodes the advent of some wondrous change.

Record and witness thou did'st bear
To Christ, thy Master and thy Lord ;
Thou wert the herald of the King,
Forerunner of the Eternal Word ;
Nor didst thou mourn to find thy honours cease,
That He, thy promised Saviour, might increase.

Thine was a voice to wake and rouse
The silent slumbering Church of God,
To kindle to a flame the spark
Whereon the oppressor had not trod :
Oft was thy message on the winds upborne,
Thou mighty one, midst those of woman born !

Methinks I gaze upon thee now,
Mid shadow of some lone palm-trees ;
The desert fastnesses around,
The giant blast, the sweeping breeze,
Making their moan ; and with their wailing blent
One long and thrilling cry—Repent ! repent !

And then at last the sudden end
Of thy true, faithful mission here
Didst thou from out thy dungeon see
The broad red sun set calm and clear,
Bathing in golden glory and red dyes,
The fleecy clouds thro' all the western skies ?

How fell with thee the evening shades ?
While the dim shadows gathered round :
Say,—didst thou think the night of Death—
The grave's long, dreamless sleep profound,
Were nigh thee then—nay, even at the door ?
That all thy journey was so nearly o'er ?

To sleep in peace, then rise and yield,
Quick as an arrow's flight, thy soul ;
To think the race but halfway run,
Then straightway stand before the goal !
Such lot was thine ! Or didst thou haply dream
Of heaven, and wake to see the torches gleam,

And the sharp blade before thee flash ?
One moment ! and the vision sweet
Became a truth—thou wert at home ;
And saints and angels came to greet
Thine unimprisoned spirit—and thy song
Swelled the rich music of the martyr-throng.

Oh ! Thou whose blessed Spirit led
The Baptist on his high career,
Now visit and inspire the hearts
Of all Thy priests and pastors here :
Stewards of Thine they are : oh ! let them be
True guides, to show through Christ the way to Thee !

ST. PETER'S DAY.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldst: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not."—
JOHN XXI. 18.

WHAT thoughts were thine when Jesus spoke
 The sentence of thy doom?—
 Long, weary, painful, years below;
 And then,—a martyr's tomb.

No transient, brilliant hour of toil,
 To thy warm heart was given;
 No ardent, fearless, zealous race,—
 Morn, noontide, and then heaven!

Oh! human strength is very weak,
 And wavering, and frail;
 We cannot marvel, if thy cheek
 With secret dread turned pale;

As gazing down the vista long,
 Of unveiled future years;
 Thou sawedst torture at the end,
 Thro' distance dim with tears.

Yet sweetly sounded all the words
Thy Master spake to thee:
The pastoral charge! the death of pain!
The gentle, "Follow me!"

Perchance, slight tremors o'er thy frame
Woke at the boding sound;
If so, they quickly passed away,
And calm, and peace profound

Broke o'er thy soul, like summer-night!
Methinks I hear thee say,
"My Saviour! I *will* follow Thee
In Thine appointed way.

"Didst Thou not call me to be Thine?
Didst Thou not hear and save,
When, sinking in the sea, I trod
The portals of the grave?

"And oh! that dark and fearful morn,
When perjury was mine;
When faith was lost! Can I forget
That melting look of Thine?

"'Lovest thou Me?' thrice hast Thou said—
Well didst Thou ask me so;
Since three times I my Lord denied,
In that dread hour of woe.

“Do I not love Thee, Saviour? See!
Thou KNOWEST that I love,
And hold Thee in my heart of hearts,
All other joys above !

“Do I not love Thee? Time shall prove
How deeply, and how well ;
I am content, for Thy dear sake,
In grief and bonds to dwell.

“I am content to do Thy will ;
Oh ! bless me ere I go ;
Forgive the past, and let my soul,
With love to Thee o'erflow.

“Through life to feed and tend the flock,
Shall be my happy care ;
And sweet communion I shall hold
With Thee in praise and prayer.

“And in the last dread agony,
Wilt Thou not stand beside ;
And whisper, while the pulses fail,
“’Twas thus for thee I died ?’

“To me, the recreant, faithless one,
A martyr's palm is given ;
A life of grief and toil on earth,
Then rest with Thee in heaven !”

ANGELS.

“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”—HEBREWS I. 14.

WITHIN the silent room,
 Unseen they stand around :
 In darkest days of gloom
 And agony profound,
 Those ministering spirits watch and wait,
 Swift travellers to and from the Eternal gate.

In the long hours of night,
 When all is drear and still ;
 When the red planet's light
 Is on the lonely hill ;
 And the blue heav'n is rich with starry beams,
 And all the world is hush'd in sleep and dreams.

They come, with noiseless wings,
 God's angels to this earth—
 To guard, till day-break springs,
 The sons of second birth ;
 Tho' all the powers of darkness gather round,
 They dare not tread the saints' encircled ground.

Thro' dangers of the day,
Perils by sea and land,
God sendeth them to stay
And watch His chosen band :
We cannot tell how oft may intervene
The angelic sword 'twixt us and danger's scene.

The shade that haunts the tomb
Where cypress branches weep,
Where flowers in bud or bloom
Were laid to rest and sleep !
There mourners grieve o'er what was once their
own,
And think themselves by that cold grave alone.

Not so ! but had we grace
One hour to raise the veil,
And see them, face to face,
Borne on the whispering gale—
Those glorious heralds of the King of kings,
With eyes of fire, and bright expanded wings—

Would not our gaze grow dim
With joy, and awe, and tears,
While the seraphic hymn
Was sounded in our ears,
And the full music of the golden lyres
Echoed One Holy Name on all their wires ?

The deep, damp dungeon cell,
That hides the martyr's head ;
The cave in savage dell
Whence he from chains has fled ;
Had they but tongues, might tell us many a tale
Of angels bending o'er those brows so pale !

With adamantine wall
They fence God's own elect ;
No evil can befall
Whom they thro' Him protect ;
Why should we fear, e'en in a world like this,
When angels quit for us their bowers of bliss ?

And by the couch of death
They wait till God has given
Sign to the weary breath
To pass from earth to heaven ;
And then with joy unspeakable, they bear,
The parted soul to greet its Saviour there !

Lord of the Church, we pray,
Thy followers defend ;
Keep them, by night and day,
In safety to the end :
Send Thine angelic servants from above,
To guard their footsteps while thro' life they rove.

THE GREAT MULTITUDE.

"I beheld, and, lo ! a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands."—REVELATION VII. 9.

A COUNTLESS throng ! before the throne they stand,
 Clad in unspotted garments, fair and white ;
 They mingle with the angelic host and band,
 They walk heaven's golden pavement, pure and
 bright ;

Their song is deep, and like the booming roar
 Of many waters on a rocky shore ;

They know no change, no cloud, no fall of night,
 Their souls rejoice in never-ending day,
 And every pang of pain and sin hath fled away.

Theirs is true pleasure, and without alloy,—

Theirs is the being to perfection brought ;
 Not one short hour, but full immortal joy,
 And rest, that heretofore they vainly sought,
 And high intelligence ; such boon is given
 To all the saints now glorified in heaven ;

Redeem'd by Christ, and by His Spirit taught,
 They have escaped the dangers of the road,
 And find with God their rest—their final sweet
 abode.

But still their happiness is incomplete ;

Not yet are all the elect ones gathered home :

The Church Triumphant calmly waits to greet

Her brethren Militant, who sadly roam

Thro' this o'ershadowed world. A little while—

The new creation shall awake and smile ;

The saints shall with their Lord and Saviour come ;

And those on earth shall mount up in the air,

To meet their Master, and their long-lost kindred
there.

Have patience ! ye who haply long to go

And join the unnumbered myriads on high ;

The current of your lives doth onward flow,

Straight to the ocean of Eternity !

Like you, with sin and sorrow they have striven,

Their barks have been by many a tempest driven,

Yet have they reached the haven of the sky ;

Borne safe o'er hidden shoals beneath the wave,

And o'er the chilling terrors of the silent grave.

So be content to linger here a space,

And do your Master's will ; upheld by love,

And strengthened for the conflict by His grace,

Cling close to Christ wherever ye may rove.

Think of the Prophets, Patriarchs, Martyrs, all

Who dwell within heaven's jewel-founded wall—

One Spirit led them to the realms of love ;

The blood once shed on mournful Calvary

Gave all their life, and light, and immortality.

Saviour of men ; sole Refuge of the heart !

We thank, and bless, and glorify Thy name
For all whom Thou hast called to depart *

In Thy blest faith and fear, who overcame
The world and sin by Thee, and Thee alone.
Now, we who linger yet with tasks half done,

By all Thine agony, and death of shame,
Beseech Thee, Lord, to count and seal us Thine,
That so at last, thro' Thee, *we* may in glory shine.



"DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."



SWEET hour of sacred peace and calm,
When sinners find their richest balm ;
When round the table of their Lord
The saints obey His dying word.

Now the soft grey autumnal sky
Is beaming thro' the windows high ;
The sacramental board is spread
With chalice bright, and wine and bread.

* See Prayer for the Whole State of Christ's Church Militant here on Earth :—"And we also bless Thy holy Name, for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear;" &c.

All is so silent, and so still ;
God's very presence seems to fill
The quiet sanctuary to-day,
And light it with a heavenly ray.

Yes! He is here, in Spirit here!
The Saviour ever draweth near,
Where'er His chosen people meet
To hold communion full and sweet.

And darest thou, my soul, come nigh,
Beneath that clear, all-seeing eye?
Darest thou join the sacred feast,
While *He* stands by—the Great High Priest?

List to the holy words of calm,
That fall like drops of precious balm
Upon the weary, contrite heart,
Bidding its trembling fears depart—

"Come, heavy-laden ones, to Me,
Tho' ye have sinned most grievously ;
Ye have an Advocate above,
A Mediator full of love."

Dear Lord, at bidding so divine,
We meekly bend before Thy shrine ;
By faith we drink Thy saving blood,
We feed on Thee, our living food.

Be with us, Saviour, in this hour,
And let us feel Thy Spirit's power ;
Give us a heart to love Thee more
Than ever we have done before.

Give us the grace to bear Thy cross
Thro' shame, reproach, distress, or loss ;
And thro' this earthly wilderness,
To Thee in patient hope to press.

For where Thou art, we too would be—
We thro' the grave would follow Thee ;
Thy Spirit's light around us cast,
Faith waxing brighter to the last ;

Till on the everlasting shore,
Where signs and symbols are no more,
Thy perfect beauty we may trace,
And see Thee, Saviour, face to face.

And now the blessed rite is done,
The brief, calm hour is o'er and gone,
We leave these consecrated walls,
Where such abiding comfort falls.

But Thou wilt linger with us still,
Whether we muse by mountain rill,
Or mix with motley crowd, and rude,
Or seek the forest's solitude ;—

Thou wilt be with us, Saviour, now,
And all the days we pass below ;
And, 'mid the shadows of the tomb,
Thy glance shall dissipate the gloom.

Then round Thy throne we all shall meet—
We who have held communion sweet—
We who have mingled praise and prayer
In earthly courts, in earthly air.

Then will the soul unfetter'd soar,
Distracted wanderings grieve no more :
Call'd to the Marriage-Supper, we
Shall dwell eternally with Thee.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

WE lay thee in the grave to rest,
Long-treasured and beloved clay ;
Young flowers will blossom o'er thy breast,
But thou, in noiseless, swift decay,
Alas ! wilt gently moulder on, and must
Mingle with earth thy precious mortal dust.

Hark ! for the lonely bell is pealing,
Thro' the still vale its echo dies ;
Like love's last knell that sound is stealing ;
And though a bright world round us lies,

Unmov'd we pass by stately forest glade,
Or brooklet path, or steadfast mountain shade.

Yet sweetly swells the funeral hymn,
The faltering voices' trembling strain !
It seems to pierce the cloisters dim,
Of that old ivy-mantled fane ;
Oh, blessed slumberer ! dost thou haply hear
That mournful song, so blent with sigh and tear ?

We cannot tell ; but this we know—
Thou art with Jesus ;—on His breast
Thou restest from earth's grief and woe ;
Thou art supremely, fully blest !
And now, around thy freed, redeemèd soul,
The angel-anthems loudly sweep and roll.

But we who yet remain,—we stand
Around thy quiet, deep, dark bed,—
A pale and sorrow-stricken band :
We gaze our last upon the dead ;—
But list ! a voice falls on the silent air,
Chasing away the clouds of our despair.

“ The Resurrection and the Life,”
Saith our dear Lord and Christ,—“ am I ;”
“ Tho' o'er them pass death's final strife,
“ Yet my belov'd ones never die.”
Yea, Lord ! our hearts respond,—we will not weep
So bitterly ; we know they only sleep.

Blest are the dead, who in their Lord
Resign this weary mortal breath ;
They rest from toil, in deed and word,—
They rest in God, the Spirit saith ;
Yes ! they who sleep in Christ within the tomb,
Shall rise again to bright celestial bloom.

And now that voice of prayer is hush'd,
We leave thee to thy still repose ;
A thousand peaceful thoughts have rush'd
On our lone hearts ! Thou art of those,
Who thro' Christ's blood have won the victory,
Who by His might share immortality.

Sweet vanished flower ! who gather'd thee ?
No dark form rob'd in terrors dire ;
'Twas Jesus bade thee homeward flee,
He call'd thy gentle spirit higher
Than ever it could mount while here, howe'er
sublime
Might be the glories and the hopes of Time.

Farewell !—thou wilt not sleep away,—
We do not separate for ever ;
At the dread Resurrection-day
Our souls shall meet, no more to sever.
Thou art not dead, nor has thy meek love died ;
It lives in Heaven, perfect and purified.

THE LONELY HEART.

THE cold wind sweeps the lonely hill.

The pale stars faintly gleam ;

I sit alone, and hear the blast

Come moaning up the stream ;—

And with its sounds, the faded past

Is blended like a dream.

And voices on the midnight breeze

Speak whisperingly to me ;

And I meet the glances sweet and bright,

I never more may see.

And my heart yearns for the happiness,

The bliss that might not be.

The last fond ties are breaking,

The light is almost gone ;

All earthly love is fading,

And I must dwell alone :

For death and change have withered

The flowers I called my own.

Yet not alone I wander here,

For Thou art with me still,

Thou, oh my Saviour, changest not

Though all be dark and chill ;

Thy faithful love brings comfort down,

For every earthly ill.

And as the human love grows cold,
That was so dear to me,
I try to loose the broken reeds
And closer cling to Thee.
Keep me, my Saviour, by Thy side,
And I *must* happy be.

And by Thy grace, I give Thee thanks
For all the grief and pain ;
'Twas love that laid my idols low,
And rent the silken chain,
That I might find my perfect joy,
My rest in Thee again.

But make me patient, make me strong
On this world's changing shore,
And keep me humble, at Thy feet,
Nor let me wander more,
Till I see Thee, Saviour, face to face,
When the discipline is o'er.

Oh! it is sweet to know *Thy* love,
Will never pass from me ;
And Thou wilt never wound the heart
That fondly turns to Thee :
And a fuller bliss Thou wilt impart
Throughout Eternity.

POEMS.

MATILDA OF NORMANDY,

OR, as some chronicles name her, Agatha. She was one of the daughters of our William the Conqueror, and betrothed by him to Edwin, Earl of Chester, a powerful Saxon noble, whom it was expedient he should conciliate. In the troublous times, however, which marked the latter half of the eleventh century, during which the struggle between Saxon and Norman still continued, many of the conquered perished through the treachery of their enemies, who too frequently accused them of disaffection, in order to appropriate such estates as were still left to their ancient owners. Among others, fell the Earl of Chester; he had been accused of joining in an insurrection, and he fled and was murdered on his way to Scotland by three of his associates, who believed that the deed would prove acceptable to the King. The princess was devotedly attached to her Saxon lover, who was on the eve of becoming her husband, when the charge of rebellion was brought against him. After his death she was quickly contracted to Alphonso the Valiant, of Leon and Castile, although she implored her father to permit her to lead a single life. She so dreaded the marriage, that she humbly besought the Almighty to take her to Himself, rather than permit her to fulfil this detested union. She set out for Spain with a brilliant *cortège*, but had hardly passed the frontiers, when her health, which had been failing since the violent death of the Earl of Chester, entirely gave way, and she died. Her remains were brought back to her native soil, and interred, with great pomp, at Bayeux. It is declared by all the ancient records of the day, that she died of a broken heart.

THE vintage sun was shining
 On the fields of Southern France :
 There was beauty in the deep wood-paths,
 And in the stream's bright glance.
 The clear, broad river poured his waves
 All proudly to the sea ;
 And the mountain torrent's pearly spray
 Flashed over rock and tree.

And gorgeously the crimson light
Of evening's glowing smiles
Shot thro' the forest's shadowy glades,
And its long, dusk, verdurous aisles :
And ruby tints were in the sky,
Blent with its dazzling blue,
And the heaving waters of the lake
Gave back the roseate hue.

The radiant flush was fading fast,
The hills were grey and dim ;
The nuns from their cloistered chapel sang
Their own sweet vesper-hymn ;—
When there came on the stilly twilight hour
A trumpet's ringing sound,
And a knightly band, with martial pride,
Through the peaceful valley wound.

And the banners of England idly drooped
On the hush'd and fragrant air :
Their heavy folds fell rustlingly
O'er a royal maiden fair,—
A pale, slight girl, whose mournful brow
And cheek of purest white,
Told of the fading of young life,
Of the spirit's secret blight.

She lifted up her meek, sad gaze
To the solemn skies above,

And the glittering stars gleamed faintly forth,
Like messengers of love :
But they breathed no hope, no joy, no calm,
To that sad, aching breast,
That stricken heart, that inly yearned
For the grave's unbroken rest.

“ Farewell, oh, sunny France !” she cried ;—

“ Farewell, my own bright land,
Land of the glorious forest-wild,
And the rocky, foam-beat strand !
And thou, fair island, o'er the wave,
Home of my happy youth,
Farewell to thee, beloved spot,
Farewell, peace, love, and truth !

“ And thou ! the noblest and the best

That ever proudly trod,
With gallant heart, and stainless fame,
Thy England's flowery sod,
Thee, too, I leave—for now the dark
Unfathomable wave,
Rolls 'twixt my faithful, breaking heart,
And thine unhonoured grave.

“ How can I wear the queenly crown,

How brook the state, the pride,
The proud array, the pomp, wherewith
They greet a royal bride ?

How hear the city's joyous din,
The crowd's wild revelry,—
How at God's altar pledge my faith,
My hand,—and not to thee !

“ It may not be ! this weary heart
Would rather sigh, ‘ farewell ! ’
Sigh, did I say ? oh ! gladly smile
To hear its own death-knell !
Father in Heaven, forgive these thoughts
The sad, and dark, and wild ;
Take back the spirit Thou hast given,—
Call home Thy mournful child !

“ This sunny world is beautiful,
And I am fair and young ;
O'er earth's green hills and happy vales,
There floats sweet-breathing song :
And by the streams—the free, swift streams,
Ten thousand flowers bloom !
I turn from all their loveliness
To the quiet of the tomb.

“ For I hear a voice I knew of old,
It calls me night and day ;
It breaks off from the angel-hymns,
To summon me away !

In the murmurs of these lonely glens,
In the pensive wind's low tone,
In the thunder of the restless waves,
I hear that voice alone !

“ And my spirit answers unto thine,
Oh, loved and faithful one !
Our hands shall clasp, and our gaze shall meet,
Ere the vintage days be done :
And the fear of parting and of change
Shall dim our eyes no more,
For sounds of farewell never wake
The echoes of that shore.”

And as she spoke the dark shade passed
From her young, faded brow,
A rose-flush dyed her pallid cheek,
Like sunset's transient glow.
For her soul had risen o'er its woe,
And still, and high, and calm,
She stood like a saint, that newly holds
His own victorious palm !

And again her sweet tones clearly rang
On the soft and fragrant wind,
That fanned, with a wooing tenderness,
Her tresses unconfined.

Her words swelled high on the silent night,
And she shed no woman's tear
While she called on the steadfast, burning stars,
And the waters wild, to hear !

“ I have garnered within my secret soul
Each tone and glance of thine ;
I have treasured thy love, and its memory too,
Pure, in its viewless shrine.
I have kept firm faith with thee, beloved,
And now the strife is past,
Now claim thine own—life's day declines,
'Tis evening-time at last.

“ Yon mountain-range, all stern and cold,
That sweeps from sea to sea,
Lifts up its pure, untrodden brows
To the moonlight's radiancy.
And o'er their rocky, lonely heights,
Beyond those peaks of snow,
Is the fair and broad Castilian land—
The land to which I go.

“ I come to thee, oh valiant Prince,
Not with the blushing grace
Wherewith young brides are wont to meet
A royal lover's face ;

But with an aspect calm and still,
With heavy eyelids closed,
And instead of bridal veil and wreath,
And Queenly crown,—a shroud !

“ The festal mirth is swelling high
In myrtle-grove, and vale ;
And the perfume of the orange-flower
Is on the Southern gale.
Oh ! lovely land of glorious streams,
Green turf, and sunny sky ;
Oh ! land of bloom, and purpling vines,
I come to thee,—to die ! ”

Again the broad sun slowly sank,
And flushed the radiant west ;
But the daughter of England calmly lay
In her long and dreamless rest.
Spain's gorgeous sunset sky was blue
And stainless, o'er her head ;—
And she, the young and beautiful,
Was with the quiet dead.

And through the mountain-gorge once more,
The long procession passed ;
And the trumpet's pealing note was hushed,
And the clarion's clear, wild blast :

Only a *miserere* chant
Died sadly on the breeze ;
And a solemn dirge swelled fitfully
Beneath the dark pine-trees.

And again the vintage sun shone o'er
The southern fields of France,
Again the warm, bright waters glowed
Beneath his kindling glance ;
But *she* heeded not the greenwood sounds,
Nor the lake's bright-tinted wave ;
For she had passed from scenes of earth,
To the world beyond the grave.

They bore her back to her childhood's home,
And 'neath the cloistered shade,
With chant and prayer, the Conqueror's child
In her early tomb they laid.
Her sire's proud name, and his deathless deeds,
Still ring from shore to shore ;
But the careless world takes little heed
Of the broken hearts of yore.



SOPHIE OF ZELL

WAS the unfortunate consort of George I., to whom she was married at an early age, and while he was still Crown Prince of Hanover. Influenced by the infamous Countess Platen, and his favourite, Mademoiselle Schulenberg, he affected to believe his wife guilty of a criminal attachment to Count Königsmark, the friend and companion of her childhood. The Count was barbarously murdered at the instigation of Madame Platen, and not long afterwards Sophie was confined in the Castle of Ahlden. There she remained for more than two-and-thirty years ; there, in fact, she died, never having been permitted to see her children—George, afterwards George II., and the Queen of Prussia. Tradition, to which much credit is attached, says that Sophie, on her deathbed, dictated a letter to her husband, reiterating, before God, her perfect innocence, and citing him to meet her, within a year, at the awful tribunal of the Judge of all the earth. Certainly, in less than twelve months after the death of the injured queen, George was summoned to appear before that bar, where the secrets of all men's hearts are revealed.

THE hues of sunset faded in the west,
 The rustling leaves sank quietly to rest,
 The song of joy went up from lordly domes,
 And peaceful happy strains from lowly homes :
 The mother with sweet hymns and aspect mild
 Bent o'er the cradle of her rosy child ;
 The maiden watched, her lover's step to greet,
 Her cheek grew crimson and her young heart beat
 With guileless joy. Bright was that summer eve !
 Could aught be there the human heart to grieve ?
 There was a lonely chamber, dim and wide,
 And richly garnished by the hand of pride ;
 Embroidered flowers, and velvet's heavy fold,
 And flashing gems, and clasps of burnished gold,

And silken pomp were proudly gathered there,
Mocking the depths of anguish and despair,
While Death drew near! The captive crownless
queen,
Gazed languidly on that familiar scene ;
Her brow was chill, her pulse was faint and low,
Her hollow cheek had lost its hectic glow ;—
Yet once again it flushed,—there came a light
To those dim azure eyes,—a radiance bright
As inspiration's beam ; a sudden strength returned,
As if the lamp of life more strongly burned
In that dread mortal hour. Her fitful words
The silence of the solemn midnight stirred,
The while she poured the fulness of a heart,
Sinking at last beneath its bitter part.

“ Oh ! Death, I greet thee with a smile,
Thou art come to set me free ;
Life's long and weary day is past,
Calm night I welcome thee !
A strange deep joy is in my soul,
Unloosed is every chain,
No tyrant power may e'er re-link
Those heavy coils again,

“ Back to my girlhood's happy time,
My spirit's glance hath flown ;
I see that long forgotten path,
With sunny flowerets strown ;

I hear the streams,—the bright ! the free !
Rush down the hill-side grey,—
I tread the forest haunts once more,
I pluck the blossoms gay.

“ Years ! years have rolled, since last my feet
The earth in freedom trod,
Since last I roamed the sweet wild wood,
And pressed the dewy sod.
And he !—the friend of early days,
The proud, the true, the brave !
Where sleeps he in dishonoured rest ?
Where lies his nameless grave ?

“ And my bright boy ! does he forget
His mother's breaking heart ?
Oh ! that I might once more behold
That face ere I depart !
Have manhood's cares, and slander's breath
Broken the holy tie
That bound his gallant heart to mine ?—
Alas, my child ! I die,—

“ I die ! and thou art far away,
My own beloved son ;
I think of thee as once thou wert,
My bright and darling one !

Thy clustering curls, thy clear, keen eyes,
So eagle-like, yet mild,—
I see them still :—tho' well I know
Thou art no more a child.

“ I droop ! I die ! and may not see
My daughter's face again,
She that I clasped upon my breast,
And lulled with gentle strain !
My life has been a darksome void,
A happier fate be thine,
My blessed child. Ne'er mayst thou know
The bitterness of mine.

“ And thou, my lord !—the stern and cold,
With heart like lifeless stone :—
I summon thee to meet me *there* !
Before God's Judgment Throne.
Thou knowest well, I never bowed
To guilt, or guile, or shame :—
Give back the weary, wasted years !
Make pure my blighted name !

“ *Thou can'st not !* May thy Gbd forgive !
As I forgive thee now.
No more :—my heart grows cold and still,
Damp is my chilly brow !
I take back freedom from my God !
While earthly rays grow dim
His Spirit's light is round me cast :—
I yield my soul to Him !”

ZALLA,

AN Italian improvisatrice of high birth and remarkable beauty, celebrated for her poetic genius in the last century. Though her hand was sought by some of the noblest of her own countrymen. she fixed her affections on a young Englishman, with whom she became acquainted at a ducal entertainment ; he, however, had sought her only as a friend, and as the child of song, being already privately betrothed to the Princess Rosalia di ——. Zalla, learning the true state of the case, won over the reluctant father to give his daughter to the stranger, who soon after espoused Rosalia with the full consent of her parents. She afterwards retired to a villa she possessed on the coast, withdrew from society, and devoted herself to works of love and mercy. She died at an early age ; her name and her sad story are still remembered by the romantic peasantry of those southern shores.

RIVERS rush onward through the dark pine woods,
 'Through dim lone caverns moan the sullen floods,
 And mountain torrents mightily sweep on
 O'er fallen weed-bound tree, and mossy stone,
 Yet meet the sea at last !—The weary bird,
 Keeping her way through the blue air, unstirred
 By rustling leaf or flower, droopeth her wing,
 Forgetting each sweet lay she used to sing
 In greenwood bowers : but the long day wears on
 She reaches too her nest, her toil is done,
 And deep in forest-shades she finds her home,
 And folds her wearied plumes no more to roam.
 —The morning breaks, and cold mists veil the sky,
 Old ocean roars, and briny waves roll high,
 Far on the lonely strand. The thunder-boom
 Echoes from rock to rock ;—the leaden gloom

Of sinking storm-clouds wildly darkens o'er
The beetling cliffs that frown along the shore :—
There comes a gentler hour,—the tempests cease,
The winds are hushed, the waters sleep in peace.
So now / smile at all the journey past !
Life's tempest hath been long, but now at last
The time is come for my freed soul to pour
The dying sweetness of her gift of song,
Striking the harp-strings ere they be unstrung,
Waking once more the lyre, while yet the power
Is with me ! Mine has been a glorious dower,—
The might to bring bright beings of the mind,
And render visible to all mankind
The immortal brilliance of the hues they wear,—
To paint the soul's glad hopes, and its despair,—
To mould, create, and re-create what seem
But fantasies of some resplendent dream
To colder hearts ! and down the gulf of Time,
To grasp the lore of many an ancient clime,—
Records of empires, long since lost or won,
Whose very ruins moulder in the sun,
And legends of old cities, whose high fame
Hath passed like martial symphony,—a name
Surviving, and a lonely desert spot
To tell of pride which hath been, but is not !
Yes ! the proud gift of song, all glorious song
Was mine ! 'twas mine to chain the listening throng,
The while the free triumphant numbers sprang
Quick from my lips and soul :—and music rang,—

Music of praise, where'er I turned my ear,
And the world deemed me happy ! not a tear
Stole o'er the paleness of my altered cheek,
And not a single word escaped to speak
Of all the deep heart-anguish that within
Wasted my life away :—no love could win
Me to pour forth that tale ! But now my friend,
Now that my weary footsteps surely wend
Their homeward way,—now that the strife is past,
And that calm radiance o'er my spirit cast,
Only the dying know ; before I hence depart,
Thou shalt unfold the secrets of my heart ;
Thou who hast watched my blighted youth's decay,
And wept to see the roses fade away
From my young face ! I tell thee, gentle friend,
Death's icy hand the strongest bars can rend ;
There lies a strange deep mystery in the hours
Of failing life. The veiling cloud that lowers
At morn, and thro' the noontide's golden prime,
Melteth away in evening's solemn time ;
And earth's vain griefs and woes, and restless
yearning,
And the poor human heart's consuming burning,
And the full springs of tears, o'erflowing tears,
What are they are all ? The loneliness of years.
What recks it *then* that solitude and pain
Have been ? They are not, nor will be again !
So the freed spirit gains the mastery,
Joyfully laying all her shackles by,

And even while her earthly cage is yet
Unbarred, she can smile calmly and forget
The *sense* of suffering, and from her bosom pour
The long restrained words, the hidden store
Of secret sorrow, which no worldly eye,
Nor e'en affection's gaze, could e'er descry.
Yes! they who reach the confines of that shore,
Where blighted thought and love may be no more,
Triumphantly *they* rise o'er doubt and scorn,
And tell of all the anguish that hath borne,
E'en to the dust, their mortal being down.
And all the strife and conflict that has worn
Youth's brightness off. And I am now of such;
My soul's release is come. Too long, too much
Have I left communing with thee, my friend;
Now the chain breaks, now the long spell shall end,
That bound me fast. Come then, thou shalt know all;
Come quickly! listen now, for angels call!

Thou knowest how a poet-heart was mine,
How the world's radiant beauty seemed to shine
For me alone,—how as my days flew on
I mourned no faded flowers, no sunbeam gone.
Those were sweet hours. How oft in twilight dim,
In solitude I sang my vesper-hymn,
Gazing on sunset thro' our olive-wood,
Watching its dying glories on the flood
Of my own sapphire sea! And there I sate,
From rising of the summer moon, till late

In starry night ! There, on the altar-stone
Of that old ruined shrine, I mused alone.
The ambrosial scent of clustering orange flowers
Breathed on me and around, and myrtle bowers
Bloomed in the pillar'd aisles :—the temple lay
In silent shadow ; no rude foot might stray
Across the emerald verdure of its floor ;
And the rich burnished ivy mantled o'er
The crumbling arches. There I poured my song,
My free glad song, those ancient woods among.
Dreamed I of sorrow, dread, or coming grief ?
Wept I that joy below is ever brief ?
No ! for I knew it not. There came an hour
When a whole lifetime's anguish seemed to pour
Its desolation in one mighty wave,
Burying my hope within a voiceless grave,—
Even my own sad weary heart !

One night,
I trod proud palace-halls, and softly bright
The star-like lamps shone forth ; and queenly brows
Were fair with garlands of the blushing rose !
The pomp of gorgeous draperies and gold,
And sculptured forms—heroes and gods of old
Were gathered there with free and lavish hand ;
And tender lays of our sweet southern land,
And high triumphant chords of music rang
Through portico and stately hall,—till sprang

Their light in every glance, in every heart
A bounding pulse of joy. I bore my part
In the quick dance, no step more fleet than mine ;
And while gemmed vases of the sparkling wine,
Were crowned with flowery wreaths and buds, my
voice

Poured forth its melody—my lyre of fame
Was strung. But a strange whisper said "Rejoice !
Rejoice while yet thy proud ancestral name
Is linked with youth and beauty and renown ;
While yet thou mayest wear a thornless crown
On thy rich raven hair ! A little while,
And it may seem to thee as strange to smile
As now 'tis strange to grieve !"

But the hours fled,
And there came one from out the throng, and led
Me forth, through the wide marble chambers, till
We reached a mossy terrace. Calm and still
The stars shone overhead, and the deep sea
Reflected on its glassy, gentle tide
Their glittering loveliness. Oh ! gloriously
Was that fair night arrayed, e'en like a bride ;
O'er the dark rustling trees its beauty shed
A holy quiet, and a peace profound,—
And a tall lily bowed its perfumed head
As in repose, and the faint distant sound
Of festal joy from out the palace, died
Upon the air. And I stood by his side

And held such blessed converse ; then I woke
First to true bliss of soul. Oh ! then there broke
Over my spirit such a sense of power,
Such a deep heart-felt gladness that my dower
Was song, o'erflowing song ! He was the child
Of a far northern clime, and soft and mild
Were his serene clear eyes,—such holy eyes !
Blue as his own autumnal crystal skies ;
And from their depths there fell a tender gleam,
A glance so spirit-like, that as a dream,
A childish dream of angels,—oft again
Comes back that look, that gaze, so free from stain
Of earth ! that pale high brow of purity,
Those words, with might and immortality
In every tone : but the bright vision passed,
The strain was hushed, the feast was o'er at last.
I sought my couch, with such a thrilling sense
Of full deep happiness. Oh ! how intense
And unperturbed the joy that overpowered
All other thought. On my glad heart was poured
A radiance like warm sunshine ! Not *alone*
I dwelt : henceforth my song need not be thrown
On streams, and founts and forests : I had found
That very night an echo for my soul.
Had not *his* words, in every breath and sound,
Spoken my secret thoughts ? Yes ! and there stole
Such rapture o'er me then ; such showers of tears,
Glad blissful tears, from love's most secret cell.
Came there no dim mistrust ? no brooding fears

To shade the splendour of that dream,—to tell
Of coming darkness? No! we met again;
Day after day we held communion; fain
I would have lived and died in the calm light
Of that sweet magic smile. The chains were bright
That bound my very being like a spell;
With him to watch the sea, with him to dwell
Among the green hills of his island-home;
With him at placid eventide to roam,
Through the lone forest-aisles, or by the lake
To watch the quivering, trembling moonbeams
wake,

In its still depths, and shine on lily leaves;
With him to stand beneath the old oak trees
He loved in childish days:—that had been heaven!
I knew not if perchance there might be given
Such perfect bliss to one of fallen race;
If in such Paradise could be *my* place!
How loved I? Ask the joyous spring's first flowers
How they have loved the day-beam. The worn one,
Toiling, and parched beneath the desert sun,
How he hath loved and blessed the kindly showers
Of falling dew! Ask the Eolian lute,
And the soft breath of some clear Dorian flute,
How they love melody! So months flew by.
Without a fear or doubt, yet silently
I loved, adored,—nor dreamed the gifted heart
I fondly thought my own had found its rest,
Its hope, long since within another's breast!

At length I knew the truth ;—a brother's love
He gave me, and he vowed through life, to prove
A faithful *friend*! His sister I must be,
His sweet, bright, cherished sister! and I stood
And heard my sentence all unshrinkingly,
And listened in the shade of that deep wood,
Through the calm twilight hour, the while he spoke
Of her—his treasured one. He told me how
The glossy curls lay on her snowy brow ;
How each low silvery tone like music woke ;
How in her gentle beauty she had come
To cheer his weary path! How in her home,
Her father's home, she dwelt, shedding around
A holy light, a joy on all! To him
She was an angel of terrestrial ground,
And yet his own! Think not my eyes grew dim,
Think not my footsteps faltered. No! my words
Were calm, tho' my heart, like a captive bird's,
Was throbbing fast, and tho' an awful train
Of fierce wild visions floated thro' my brain,
My dizzy brain, that reeled with that strong shock ;
Yet passionless I seemed as that firm rock
High towering o'er the trees. I seemed to sleep
Within a living grave. I longed to weep,
But the power parted from me, and a sense
Of nothingness, and utter desolation, too intense
For human frame to bear, froze every spring
Whence healing tears might gush ; each silvery
string

That bound my immortal essence here on earth,
Seemed snapt in that dark hour of sorrow's birth.

I saw his bride,—*his* fair and gentle bride.
To me he brought her in his manly pride,
That I might gaze upon her loveliness,
And duly scan each glance, each shining tress !
And I *could* press her ruby lips to mine,
And freely bless her. Yes ! before the shrine,
Upon the altar of my deathless love,
I laid what time might never quench or move,
That sacrifice of heart. For I had striven
And prayed, and rested not until forgiven.
The being he so loved might lay her head
Upon his bosom, till on her was shed
A father's blessing, and fond thankful tears,—
For I had made him give distrust and fears
Unto the winds, and with full joy of heart,
He saw his lovely wedded child depart.

It was enough ; the victory was won,
My bitter work of love and woe was done ;
And forth I fled from that gay bridal throng ;
For all the high resolve that had been strong
As adamant, grew weak ; and here I came,
Casting aside my proud triumphal fame
As worse than valueless ! I came to be
A dweller by this ever-sounding sea.
And years have flown since then, thou knowest how
I sought in deeds of love to heal my woe ;

I sought to heal the wounded, aid the weak,
To cheer the sad, to dry the tear-wet cheek ;
That not in vain my life might glide away,
Yet waited still the liberating day,
When this vain yearning, and the pain should cease,
And this poor beating heart repose in peace—
This weary heart, wherein the fervid flame
Hath silently burnt on. Oh ! let no blame
Be on his head ! he called me his dear friend,
He told me that his thoughts and mine would
blend

For ever, in one calm and flowing stream,—
How like the brightness of a summer dream
Should be the stormless beauty of the life
His lovely bride, and he and I should know,
In some still vale, concealed from mortal strife,
He loved me, *as a brother* !—but I go,—
And not a shade of doubt, reproach, or shame
Would I reflect upon his spotless name.

The grief is over now, not dark and sad
Are these my parting hours. My soul is glad,
Glad and serene, for now the race is run.
Have I not cause for joy ? Have I not won
Deep happiness for him ? and if the sacrifice
Of my own broken heart gained that rich prize,
What is it now ?—now that the pang is o'er,
And earthly eyes can haunt my brain no more ?
And all the fame that spread my path around,
With echoes of my song !—and all the sound

Of praise,—fell it not on my listless ear,
Coldly, as solemn dirges o'er a bier?
'Tis past! the long and darksome day is past,
Like the freed stream and bird, I rest at last.
Now the soft breezes fan my fevered brow,
And the young breath of violets, and the flow,
Of silvery founts and brooks—how bring they
back

Lost shining hopes and joys!—the flowery track
Of my life's spring. I gaze the green earth o'er,
And know its vernal beauty nevermore
May smile for me. I do not, cannot weep,
I am so tired, I fain would fall asleep
Even before the summer-roses' leaves
Spread in the sunshine, ere the early wreaths
Give place to gayer flowers. The hour is near,
I know it well:—the May-bloom's dewy tear,
The tender murmuring blossoms, and the song
Of wakening birds, the bursting woods among,—
The glad rejoicing woods, where waters rush,
And the half-opened petals faintly blush
Beneath the soft blue sky:—and the warm wind;—
These have no power to woo me back, to bind
My parting soul! Dear, gentle friend, farewell!
To the bright land, wherein I go to dwell,
I bear away my love for thee,—thou tried
And faithful one! there purified
It shall live on, and watching o'er thy way,
Greet thee at last, in never-ending day.

And THOU!—for whom this long, long weary pain
Hath been :—gladly I bless thee once again,
Thou yet beloved one ! How thy pure, pale brow,
Still gleams through death's dim twilight ! even now
I seem to hear the deep tones of thy voice :
Sweetly they come, as when they bade rejoice
My trusting heart. Is it delirium's dream ?
Or does a holy light around me stream,
And in its radiance art thou standing there,
Thy calm serene high forehead, 'neath the hair,
Clustering in silken richness as of yore,—
All fervent with the depth of thought it bore
That night when first we met ? Why art thou
here ?

Know'st thou my mighty change is drawing near ?
Know'st thou at last my love,—my perfect love ?
Knowest thou how I vainly, inly strove
To quench that strong affection ? How its power
Hath worn my life away ? How more and more
The secret flame hath burned, till finding nought
Whereon to feed, it hath consumed the heart
That cherished it anon, then, struggling, sought
To stay its fervency ?—Not yet depart :—
It is no dream, for thou *art* here. Farewell !
I see thee standing by, 'tis sweet to tell
Thee how unchanged I die—and how I bless,
With all my failing heart's deep tenderness,
Thee and thy loved ones ! Oh ! if spirits come
From that calm, voiceless land to which I go,

To hover round familiar spot, or home;—
Oh! then my unbound soul shall surely know
Where yet thou dwellest. I will come to thee :—
Death cannot conquer love! and I will be
A seraph comforter, with soothing wings,
Lighting thy darkness, when terrestrial springs
Have ceased to flow! And then,—to meet again
Knowing 'tis past, the weariness and pain
That chilled my days below. A higher love
Awaits us in the glorious world above,
Immortal,—full of spirit, and so deep!
Love that may bring no sighs, no tears to weep ;—
Triumphant love! and yet untouched by glow
Of earthly passion's hue. There thou wilt know,
The pure, unuttered love that hath been thine;
There I shall feel thou art for ever mine!



CHRISTMAS STANZAS.

THOU art passing, O departing year !
To the regions of the dead ;
Thy flowers are gone, thy green leaves sere,
And all thy glory fled ;
But ere the midnight bells ring out
Thy requiem sad and slow,
Ere the New Year's dawn break faint and gray,
Across the mountain-snow ;

Ere thy latest sunset fade away,
Ere the transient twilight gleam
Die on the wild, dark, restless sea,
Like bright hues of a dream,
A voice of joy must circle round
The star-bespangled skies ;
And from earth's happy, peaceful homes,
In songs of gladness rise.

The loud peal rocks the ancient tower ;
The ivy's burnished green
Mantles the hoary, crumbling stones,
With ever-verdant screen ;

Fresh garlands wreath the altar-tomb,
And yew, and holly bright,
Cast on the time-worn carven oak
A ray of spring's fresh light.

And the Angels' Song is heard once more,
Along the archèd aisle ;
Sweet hymn-notes thrill all humble hearts,
Within the hallowed pile ;
For the pleasant gathering-time has come,
With its blessings full and free,
And young eyes shine, and young lips join
To swell the minstrelsy.

Within the noble's castle hall—
By the cotter's lowly hearth—
In the lonely glens, on moorland wastes,
'Mid the city's surging mirth ;
In the homes of men, where'er they be,
By mount or sea or shore,
Fond hands are clasped, and heart meets heart,
As in bright days of yore.

Earth's gladdest time ! O ! can't it be
Without a shade or cloud ?
Are there none who hear the joy-bells ring,
And hide amid the crowd
Pale, faded brow, and altered eye,
For the joy of other years,
Within whose soul sweet memories swell
With a pain too deep for tears ?

There are those who dare not join the song
 They sang in years gone by,
Lest they should miss a voice beloved,
 That sings now in the sky :
There are those around the festive board
 Who bow a thoughtful face,
Lest they should cast a wistful glance
 Upon one vacant place.

Woe for the gathering-times of earth !
 Woe for the festal song !
When the music breathes a dirge-like tone,
 Where many amid the throng
Are wearying for a silent voice,
 Long hushed beneath the wave,
Are yearning sore for a treasured smile,
 Long hidden in the grave.

Woe ! if this changing world were all ;
 If this world of dying flowers,
With its fading skies, and its failing springs,
 And its brief, bright summer hours,
Were the only portion man might claim ;
 If the faithful, changeless heart
Were fain, at the close of life's short day,
 With its precious things to part ;

To part for aye ! but there are homes
 More bright than heart can know,
And gathering-times, where none are missed,
 Where none arise and go,

Where "the children of the kingdom" meet,
And they sing another lay
That cannot be sung in mortal bowers,
By trembling lips of clay.

'Tis a mighty throng, a gathering vast,
That swells from year to year,
As the ransomed ones are garnered in,
All safe from pain and fear ;
When their frail barks pass the mournful sea,
And touch the eternal shore,
Their voyage done, the great joy won,
They are there for evermore.

Joy ! for the happy Christmas-time !
In the ages long ago,
The Sun of Righteousness uprose
To light the realms below :
Joy ! for the hope so strong and sure,
That gleamed in that red dawn,
When the Saviour came to dwell on earth—
Joy ! for the Christmas morn !



SUMMER-TIME.

ONCE more the summer-sun is on the land,
 The summer-heaven beams blue above the hills,
 The silvery green of waves is on the strand,
 Light flashes from the lonely mountain rills,
 The old deserted fane, the castle ruin grey,
 Are mantled with bright robes that glorify decay.

The summer-flowers are bending to the breeze,
 Wafting sweet odours on the gentle gale ;
 The cool moss gleams beneath the forest trees,
 And in the rocky glen and quiet vale
 The fragile briar-rose her graceful wreath has twined,
 And woodbine sheds its fragrance on the evening wind.

Joy is on all the land—the summer land !
 For all things wear their beauty as of old.
 No surges now break o'er the rippled sand ;
 The snow-cloud and the wintry-blast so cold
 Have passed away, and, crowned with garlands bright
 and glad,
 The green earth in her festal robes is richly clad.

The loveliness of parted days comes back :
 Ever the year restores the time of flowers,
 Ever the birds retrace their breezy track,
 And weave their tiny homes in leafy bowers :

All glorious things and bright come back in summer's
train.

Not all! Oh, sunny hours, ye give not *all* again ;

Ye bring not back the treasures of our youth—
The light, the joy, the love returns no more !
Where is the eye of fire, the heart of truth,
Our gladness and our trust in days of yore ?
Oh, summer days, ye bring the sap to leafless trees,
The hues to flowers and skies ; but oh, ye bring not
these !

What though our woodland haunts be fair with life ?
We roam no more with loved ones at our side ;
What recks it that our ancient paths are rife
With tender blossoms meet to deck a bride—
That leaves, and winds, and waters sing upon their way,
While one familiar voice is silent, and for aye ?

Oh, mother earth ! thou art so calm, so fair !
Thou givest back the violet and the rose ;
Light to the greenwood paths, and song to air ;
The purple grape to autumn's golden close :—
Give back for one brief hour the treasures of the
grave—
Restore the dead, the *loved*—the sleepers 'neath the
wave !

And the earth answered—"Cease thy sad, vain quest,
I hold not back the idols of the heart!
The mouldering *dust*, I claim my promised guest,
A little while, till I myself depart.
They dwell in light and glory, and their changeless love
Lives on with hope and faith, and all high things above.

"Perchance the dead are near thee, in the hours
When most thy spirit feels herself alone:
Who knows what visitings from angel-bowers
Have soothed thy tears, have hushed thy sigh
and moan?
Child of mortality! the glorious world unseen
Is ever with thee and around, tho' hangs a veil between!

"A veil that wears the thinner, day by day,
The glory sometimes glimmering from within,
And *THEY* are there, in beautiful array:
No tears, no pain, no weariness, no sin
Dashes their joy's full cup—the robe, the crown, the
palm,
Are theirs for evermore, and theirs the eternal calm!

"Have patience! greet the summer flowers with joy;
Their pure, sweet lives are gifts from God to thee.
Let earnest works of love thy days employ,
And keep thy heart in steadfast purity.
Hope on, bear on! when thou at last shalt win the prize,
The way, tho' dark, will seem a swift one to the skies.

“ And THEN, the soul’s perfected summer-time !—
All, all restored, that once was borne away :—
Beauty that dies not, fades not from its prime :
Love, changing not, nor subject to decay ;
Lift up thy heart ! thank God for summer’s rosy hours,
But wait thy perfect bliss in heaven’s immortal bowers.”

SLEEPING.

“ If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.”—I THESS. IV. 14.

SLEEPING !—sleeping !—ever sleeping
Through the rosy summer’s light,
Through the autumn’s golden splendour,
Through the harvest’s silvery night.
Sleeping when the bare woods shiver,
When the soft flakes mutely fall,
Resting on the quiet churchyard
Like a maiden’s snow-white pall !
Sleeping still, while Spring awakens
Every bud on every bough,
While from icy chains outbursting,
All the freed streams gladly flow.

Smile again, oh purple violets,
Breathe your perfume through the vale ;
Ring your bells, ye merry cowslips,
Ring them over hill and dale !
Wave your tresses ! gay laburnum,
Blush, O roses ! hawthorn pale !
Spread your creamy, spicy clusters,
Floating sweetness on the gale.
Rise up, stately, queenly lilies,
Leaf unfold, and chalice ope !
Shake your petals, flaming poppies,
'Neath the blue lark-ringing cope.

Wake up, too, oh best-beloved ones,
Ye have slept both well and long :
Wake ! the birds are singing anthems,
All the breezy choirs among :
Rouse up, darlings, from your slumbers,
Lo ! the wintry hours are past,
And the honey-bees are humming
Where we roamed together last.
Sleeping still ? What ! sleeping ever
While through all the laughing skies
Sounds the voice of vernal music ?
" Children of the earth—arise ! "

Sleeping still ? Aye best ! 'tis better,
Closed lids, and brain at rest,
Mute lips, pale hands folded meekly
On the calm unheaving breast,

Than to shake off dust, and mingle
 With this weary life of ours,
Than to meet the summer sunshine,
 Than to pluck the fairest flowers.
Sleep ! sleep on, though sore the yearning
 For one hand-clasp, one dear smile.
Lonely heart ! be still, be patient,
 'Tis but for a little while.

Till the icy winds fall softly,
 Till the long death-night be past,
Till this world's "vain show" is over,
 Till we hear th' Archangel's blast !
Oh ! the dreary days are fleeting,
 Though the hours pass sad and slow ;
Though the mists and darkness linger,
 Gleams the dawn on upland brow !
Soon the shadows, melting, flying,
 Will be lost in shining morn ;
Soon the night be gone for ever,
 Soon the eternal Day be born.

Sleep till *then*, oh ! well-belovèd,
 Underneath the whispering trees,
'Neath the solemn minster-arches,
 Deep,—down deep, in soundless seas !
Sleeping still !—we leave you sleeping,
 Spring and summer, morn and noon ;

Sleeping still !—oh ! how serenely—
Sleeping !—but to waken soon :
And this hope makes glad our spirits,
Blessèd consolations, fill
Aching bosoms :—so we leave them,
Sleeping sweetly, sleeping still.

MAY MEMORIES.

Joy ! for the sweet May-flowers once more are wreathing
Their beauteous garlands o'er the sun-bright land ;
Through the calm evening air, their fragrance breathing,
O'er upland heath and vale, o'er mead and strand ;
The sheeny waves dance glittering ; and the silent sky
Is pure and stainless, as the day-beams sink and die.

Joy ! that we greet the pleasant May once more,
The time of carolling birds, of leafy green,
Of tenderest hues that deck the wild wood o'er,
Of golden light beneath the verdurous screen,
Of childish mirth and joy in all its tameless glee,
Lifting the music of its voice among the hills so free !

Joy on the shore, where the broad waters flashing
Fling up their gem-like spray in dazzling light,
Where, over fretted rock, the billows dashing,
Sing their loud anthems all the day and night ;
And joy on breezy plains, on mountain peak and brow,
And in the cool, lone valleys where pure lilies blow !

And joy within the crowded city's walls,
Within her temple-gates, beneath her domes ;
Joy in her palaces and lordly halls,
And joy as full and sweet in meaner homes ;
Yet not the joy new-born of May's fair clustering
flowers,
Of sunlit waves, or song, or glee, in beauty's bowers.

Far deeper is their joy who gather now,
Greeting the Master's heralds as they stand,
With kindling eye and earnest thoughtful brow,
Bearing the trophies of a distant land ;
The banners of the Cross, unfurled for evermore,
Till Jesus' name is sweetly sung from shore to shore !

O ! listen ; for they tell of conquests won
In savage wilds, in islets of the sea ;
New kingdoms bow to God's Eternal Son,
And hymn His praise, and own His Majesty.
The tide of time flows on—the swift years roll away,
And lo ! where darkness brooded deep, out shines
celestial day !

Amid the whispering of the palm-trees' shade,
Where snow-crowned mountains pierce the orient
skies,
Where the red gold gleams forth in southern glade,
Where the wild hunter 'neath the cedar lies ;
Where'er man's footsteps tread, where'er his voice is
heard,
The soldiers of the Cross proclaim their Master's Word.

Swift fly the glorious tidings, and the hills
Wake up exultant to the heavenly strain ;
Mercy and truth, in ever-flowing rills,
Make glad the desert wastes, the arid plains ;
The barren wilderness doth blossom as the rose,
The Day-star rises o'er the land—the radiance grows !

Make haste, O Lord ! Let Thy name, only thine,
Be feared and honoured all the wide world o'er !
And bid the heathen worship at Thy shrine,
Let Jesus reign from furthest shore to shore ;
Bless Thy true servants' toil. To Thee alone be given
Eternal praise and glory, King of earth and heaven !



ANAMOUR, THE CITY OF THE DEAD,

Is one of the many extinct cities on the wild coast of Asia-Minor. The ruins of innumerable tombs alone remain to attest the power and glory of long-departed ages.

Oh ! sad, forsaken city !

We tread thy noiseless streets ;
And no glad voice of welcoming
The stranger's footstep greets.
Only the foaming billows,
With hollow, ceaseless moan,
From the dim caverns of the deep
Send forth their mournful tone.

The wild sea-birds are shrieking
Along the lonely shore ;
The storm-blast, fiercely sweeping,
The lonely desert o'er :
We stand amid thy ruins,
Where once the dance was led,
And song poured forth ! Now all is still,
Thou City of the Dead !

What bright forms once were glancing
Through thy forsaken bowers !
How proudly waved the banners
From thy once frowning towers !

The music swelled out gladly
From many a festal hall,
With the laughter of the young blithe hearts—
Where are those voices all ?

Where are they? Lost and vanished,
With ancient glory gone ;
Gone like the golden clouds of eve,
When the shining sun goes down !
Oh ! shade of pomp and grandeur,
Where is thy regal power ?
What now is left ?—what hast thou still
Of all thy queenly dower ?

Thou hast the booming waters,
The salt waves' sparkling foam ;
With thee the long-forgotten dead
Have found their silent home.
Around thy walls lie scattered
The graves of other years—
Sad tombs ! where Spring's sweet flowerets wild
Are never washed with tears.

Thousands who trod thy palaces,
Here, in their dreamless sleep,
Heed not the mighty ocean's roar,
Dashing o'er rugged steep ;

They weep not that their temples
Have fallen to decay.
What matter that fanes perish
To lifeless, soulless clay?

Ye hear not tempests' thunder,
Ye dwellers of the tomb;
Ye list not to the sea-bird's scream,
Piercing the lonely gloom.
Ye cannot gaze up yonder,
To sullen storm-veiled skies ;
Ages have rolled since ye lay down ;—
Yet soon ye must arise !

A little longer tarry :
The trumpet note shall sound,
And shake these hoary, spray-swept graves ;
And from each time-worn mound
The sleepers shall awaken,
Each from his solemn bed ;
And thy long, sad rest be over,
Thou City of the Dead !



TASSO TO LEONORA.

WHEN the tired world sinks down in gentle sleep,
 When gloom is on the waters, and the waves
 Break sullenly upon the silent shore :—
 When the breeze rustles thro' the tall tree-tops,
 And the sweet flowers bow their tender heads
 Beneath the night-dew's breath,—when stars are bright ;
 Then comest thou to me !

Still, still my own !

Love riseth over death with fearless wing,
 And sweeps the unsounded gulf that lies between
 Our being and the world beyond the tomb.
 Beloved one ! death could not hold *thee* back,
 For all his icy bars ;—for thou didst love ;
 And Love o'ermastereth Death. I see thee still,
 Just as thou wert when first our glances met,
 So fair, so bright ! I see thy dear dark eyes,
 Earnest and soft, thy gentle thoughtful gaze,
 Thy clustering raven curls, thy pure pale brow,—
 And in thy pensive smile, I see unchanged
 The deep, deep love of yore. Why comest thou ?
 Why hast thou left the land where sighs and tears
 May ne'er intrude ? How could'st thou ever leave
 Awhile the streams whose living waters flow
 Unchangeably the same—whose crystal waves
 Bathe the rich fruitage of the Tree of Life ?

Love !—the sweet stricken love that went with thee
To Heaven, its source and home,—that perished not
When thou didst gladly sleep the sleep of death—
Has brought thee here, from that far spirit-land,
A glorious visitant ! My heart grows still,
And the long years of suffering fade away ;
The dim, damp vault—the solitude—the chain—
The wasted manhood, and the tardy flame
That lights my weary path too late,—too late !
Are nothing to me now ! I gaze with awe ;
And yet I fear thee not, albeit thou art clad
In spotless robes of immortality !
Thou com'st to call me hence, to call me home !
And in the silent hush of night I hear
Thy own familiar voice, so strangely sweet,
Bidding me haste away ; and thus thou callest :—

“Come ! why lingerest thou below ?

Death is on thy altered brow ;
Thou art called from earth away,
From the burden of the day,
From the aching void and pain
Nevermore to weep again,
Nevermore in grief to roam :
Thou beloved, art summoned home !
Where the rose-leaves never fade,
Where the turf no more is laid
On the young impassioned breast !
To the holy land of rest,

Come ! come ! come !

“ Lovest thou the sunny earth,
Flower, and bud and blossom's birth ?
Lov'st thou still the rose's breath,
Shedding fragrance e'en in death ?
Haply so :—but they must die ;
In that blessed world on high
Flowers wither nevermore,
And the gladness of that shore
Knows no interlude, no break,
Save that brighter glories wake
As the spirit presseth on
In those regions of the sun !
Come ! come ! come !

“ No beloved, averted face,
No rejected fond embrace ;
No estrangement riseth there,
In that land so true and fair.
Here thy love meets faint return,
Here thy heart must ever mourn
For responsive glance and tone,
That no more may be thine own.
Earthly sun may never shine,
On the love that once was thine ;—
To that world of perfect rest,—
To the glory of the blest,
Come ! come ! come !

“ Stay no longer, for the day
Darkens as it wears away ;—

No fond arms are round thee now,
No warm kisses press thy brow ;
Slender ties are clasping thee,
Haste, beloved, to be free !
Is not this world's chilling breath
Colder than the hand of death ?
Linger not ! the hour is come ;
Fly to our Eternal home :
God is calling ;—now at last
All thy griefs of earth are past.
Come ! come ! come !”

And lo, I come, beloved ! Take me home ;
Take me to thy warm breast, oh faithful friend,
True-hearted love ! What hath the world for me ?
What are the notes of fame that mock my ear ?
Too late ! too late ! their thrilling music sounds.
Lie mute my lyre ! the crown may deck my brow,
The songs of triumph may not wake the dead.
I come to thee ! Joy, joy is in my heart,
To know the long, dark day is almost done ;
To see the sunlight fade, the shadows fall,
To feel the darkness of the gathering night,
The stillness, and the peace ! And *then*, ere long,
To watch the breaking of the glorious dawn,
Athwart the sable wave !—to see the stars,
Night's fading, paling stars, melt 'neath the beam
Of pure celestial light ; to see the shade
Part from the morning-sky, and watch the rise

Of everlasting day,—the day that knows
No cloud, no nightfall, no declining sun ;
But ceaselessly grows bright, still gathering beauty,
As the radiant hours roll thro' the ages
Of Eternity. Beloved ! I come, I come !
The morning is at hand ! I go with thee.



THE RIVER EDEN RE-VISITED.

In the calm soft light of evening,
I gaze on thee, fair stream,
Thy verdant banks all glowing
Beneath the sunset's gleam ;
Thy pure clear rippling waters
Are bathing, as they go,
Gray rock and mossy pebble,
That meet thy clear waves' flow.

A thousand flowers are blooming
Within these wood and glades,
And in yon deep lone valley,
Where first the sunbeam fades,

The snowy Burnet-roses,
Amid their dark green leaves,
Unfold their creamy petals,
Before the balmy breeze.

And the pale and fading elder
Breathes yet upon the gale,
A faint and lingering fragrance
Adown the quiet vale.
Now eve's effulgent glories
Melt slowly from the sky ;
The leaves and waves make music,—
All other voices die.

And deeper grow the shadows,
Beneath the linden-trees ;
The dark pine-branch waves sadly,
With a moan like distant seas,
And hark ! how slow and solemn
Rings out the distant chime !
Telling how hours rush onward,
Down, down the gulf of Time !

On to the pathless ocean—
Eternity's wide main,
The passing hours are sweeping ;
We greet them not again !
And many months, sweet river,
Have flown since last I stood
Gazing on yon wild torrent,
That flings its spray-like flood

Far o'er the rippling waters,
On whose fair bosom lies
The faint, reflected radiance
Of those bright sunset-skies !
I have seen a mighty city,
And dwelt within her walls ;
I have watched her proud flags waving
O'er domes and palace-halls.

And there was much of sorrow,
And much of revelry,
In the homes of that great city—
That city by the sea !
I saw the proud and noble,
Fall in one little day ;
A change come o'er their pathway,
And their fairest hopes decay.

And restless, and for ever,
Around the homes of men,
Some wondrous change seemed working—
A tide that none could stem.
But now I come in gladness,
Once more to this dear stream,
And the past, with all its sorrow,
Seems but a troubled dream.

Calm in their silent grandeur,
Still stand the mighty hills ;
The dark and solemn forests,
And the rushing mountain rills !

They are resting so serenely,
Just as they were of yore ;
And the summer twilight glances
The woods and waters o'er.

Man's proudest works may perish,
And leave no trace behind ;
The toil of years may vanish,
Like a shred upon the wind :
But the green hills and the mountains,
The streams and flowery sod,
Rest in their changeless beauty,
The glorious work of God.

THE RUINED ABBEY.

OH ! ancient, mouldering ruin !
Dim, grey, and ivy-clad,
While sunset fair is gilding
This greenwood gay and glad,

I see thy crumbling arches,
Long, grassy, pillar'd aisles,
That lie in solemn stillness,
Lit up by day's last smiles.

I stand before the altar,
No worshippers are there—
Only the trailing briar,
With its blossoms pale and fair.

I muse on days departed,
When on the marble floor
The noblest of this goodly land—
Proud warriors of yore—

And minstrels grey and hoary,
And matrons in their prime,
And maidens in their beauty,
Knelt down before the shrine!

Then came the choral music,
The organ's pealing chords,
Praising the God of Heaven—
Great King and Lord of Lords!

And the crimson rays of sunset
Poured through the arches high,
Tinted with rose and amber,
In gorgeous blazonry.

They lighted up the haloes
Round many a pictured head,
And fell in streams of glory
Above the quiet dead.

And when the rite was over,
When chant and prayer were done,
When aisle and arch in darkness,
The twilight gleams all gone—

There came the silvery moonlight,
Flooding the temple grey
With mild and gentle radiance,
More pure than blaze of day.

And in that tranquil glory
The departed lay at rest,
Their pale hands meekly folded
Upon the mailed breast.

Now the soft turf is round me,
And flowers are at my feet,
And their mournful, lonely fragrance
Is very, very sweet.

And stars arise in heaven
Above the roofless fane ;
A song-bird on the altar
Pours forth his nightfall strain.

And a shade like sorrow falleth
As I slowly turn me home
And see the glittering starlight
Within the sapphire dome.

And I feel that like this ruin
Is my worn and feeble heart :
It has seen its treasures vanish—
Its golden days depart.

But, like this ancient temple,
If its earthly light be fled,
Heaven's own celestial radiance
O'er its solitude is shed,

If gold and gems be wanting,
The flowers are blooming fair ;
If the voice of song be silent,
There is music in the air !

Past is thy pomp and splendour,
Oh, ruin ! hoar and grey !
A few brief ages longer
Must end thy slow decay ;
But my heart's sure hope of heaven
Can never pass away.



THE POETESS' LAST DAY.

'Tis morn ! and I awake from blissful dreams !
I have been gazing on the mountain streams,
And on the solemn hills around my home,
And through the wood-paths, where no more may
 roam

My weary feet. I saw my own bright river,
 And heard the rushing of its crystal waves ;
And the broad sycamore, its dark leaves quiver
 Above the hoary, ancient-lettered graves.

There stretched the deep blue dome-like heaven on
 high ;

There came the breath of flowers in every sigh
The summer wind sent forth ! And the grey fane,
Methought I knelt beneath its roof again,
While the rich chanting swelled along the aisle,
Waking the echoes of that minster pile ;
And sunbeams, tinted with all gorgeous blooms,
In splendour fell aslant the marble tombs
Of long departed days ! and then the voice of prayer !
A deep-toned, well-remembered voice was there !
But the scene changed : and lo ! I stood and wept
In fulness of that joy—my worn heart leapt
For perfect gladness, and each blighting storm
With all sad memories died ; for there, my home,

My blessed, happy home, before me lay—
Vine-clad, rose-wreathed, as in that mournful day,
When from its trellised porch in grief I passed,
Nor knew that long, fond gaze to be my last !
There were loved faces : there my mother smiled,
As when my childish woes her lips beguiled ;
There my young sisters, with their shining hair,
Their bright and earnest eyes, their brows so fair,
Came clustering round me. Oh ! I rushed to clasp,
With yearning heart, and strong, embracing grasp,
Those vainly-treasured forms ! There came a stream
Of dawn's red light. I wake—'tis but a dream.

I see the lonely sunrise. Yes ! I know
I may not watch its solemn glories more.
There on the oaks it casts a ruddy glow,
Uplighting all the rocks along the shore,
Where the broad waves make music, and the sound
Swells deep and deeper—mournfully profound !
Hark ! the wild birds awake ; their matin-song
Rings through the clear still air the woods among.
Pale, dying autumn flowers, and drooping rose,
So fair, so fragile—ye are types of those
Who cannot bear the breath of this world's cold,
So perish, ere they perfectly unfold
Leaves of bright promise ! Oh ! the hours of glee,
When, with light heart, and bounding step, and free
In spirit, from the turf I brushed the dew,
Scattering its pearls—sweet lingering flowers—on
you !

Ye, too, are fading ; ye may never gaze
Again through morning mist and silvery haze
On the proud majesty of yonder sun ;
Like mine, your fleeting race is well nigh done ;
For the last time ye see the arch of heaven.
And I, who long with sin and pain have striven,
Full well I know these weary, tear-worn eyes
Must close in death's still sleep ere yet arise
Another morning's glories on the hills,
With all their glad, rejoicing, flashing rills !

Noontide upon the waves ! Now the deep sea
Flushes to purlpe 'neath the cloudless skies.
Now gleams the tossing foliage of each tree,
Blent with rich crimson and all gorgeous dyes.
Earth groweth lovelier in her ripe decay !
And I depart. Mortality's last day
Doth sweetly shine, and my glad, panting soul
Is rending every chain to reach the goal
It long hath sorrowed for ; and now I look,
Even as on the pages of a book
Writ by Almighty hand, down all the past—
On all the sadness round my pathway cast,
On all the burning anguish, all the tears—
The o'erflowing tears that filled my brimming cup ;
The thrilling darkness, and the trembling fears,
The cold heart-sickness—ere I drained each drop
Of that most bitter draught. How shall I tell
How those chill waters on my spirit fell ?

All—all that bowed my love and joy to dust—
All that hath seared my heart's undoubting trust—
Is here again. I wake, as from a trance—
And lo! unsealed before my fading glance,
Stand, robed in all the vivid hues they wore,
The bliss, the woe, the passionate days of yore !

Now the light fades ; the sunset clouds grow dim.
Now swells forth many a holy vesper-hymn
From England's blessed homes ! I never more
May join in earthly song ; yet I *may* pour
My fervent soul in prayer—a dying prayer—
That all the sad array of foes—despair,
Wild grief, vain pining for the love of earth—
May vanish, and sweet, solemn calm give birth
To musings on rich blessings past, and heaven
All brightening round, and every sin forgiven !

Too long I thirsted for terrestrial streams,
Too long I smiled in lovely, mocking dreams
That grew most brilliant as they fled away.
I poured affection forth on mortal clay !
And *thou* that wert the sole star of my night—
Thy love that beamed a precious, precious light
'Midst every storm—thou knowest it was twined
Even with the life-strings of a heart resigned
To all save loss of thee !

Thy looks were life !

I lived alone amidst the ceaseless strife

That rocks the jarring world. The careless throng,
Unheeded, passed me by, for there was flung
A halo round my path. Sweet thoughts of thee,
My faithless love, fed my fond soul. The sea—
The deep and solemn sea—the rushing river,
 Flashing its spray the tangled woods among ;
The pine's deep moan, the aspen's dreamy quiver,
 A lute's entrancing chords, the night-bird's song—
All fairest things ! they had but one full tone—
Thy name, thou vainly loved one—*thine alone !*
Vainly beloved ? Not so ! To the still grave
I bow my blighted youth, for wave on wave
From sorrow's troubled gulfs hath quenched the light
And glory of my spirit. Far too bright
The effulgence, and the radiance of thy smile
To cheer my dreary way but for a while.
Yet oh ! not vainly precious were the rays
It cast around me in those happy days ;
Though the sun fled and left the night behind,
Though the calm passed, and rose the sweeping wind
That with its rushing blast so fiercely tore,
And scattered far and wide my treasured store
With all its beaming hopes and tenderness,
Yet, yet I bless thee, freely,—fondly bless !
I go from earth ; and this be my last token—
Ere yet I dwell where farewells ne'er are spoken—
That still I love thee, bless thee to the last !
Yet weep no more for all the bitter past,
That wakes e'en now again.

I thank Thee, oh my God!
Though long and rife with grief hath been the road
That led my sorrowing spirit back to Thee,
And won me from my blind idolatry!
For I had worshipped clay, and built my trust,
And reared my hopes of bliss, on mortal dust!
'Tis past! The clouds disperse, and yet again
I thank Thee, oh my God! In fullest strain
My parting soul would pour her sacred praise
To Thy high throne. Thou who wilt surely raise
My sleepless ashes from the voiceless tomb,
And clothe them in celestial, fadeless bloom.
I thank Thee for the world of beauty given
To my enraptured gaze. Long have I striven
To pierce the shrouding veil that doth enfold
Bright mysteries from eyes of mortal mould.
Long have I yearned for purer communing,
And fuller vision than this earth may bring,
Rich though she be in beautiful array.
But now the mists are clearing fast away,
Melting in calm and holy light! I come,
My Father! Thou art gently calling home
Thy wearied child.

I see a large bright star!
It seems to smile from its lone sphere afar,
And gild the darkness of the coming night.
'Tis my soul's evening time, and there *is* light!—
And then the mighty, blessed, glorious dawn

On the eternal hills and crystal waves
That never ebb'd and flowed o'er unknown graves,
Like changing seas of earth ; for I shall dwell
Where tempests wake no more. Glad world farewell !
And you, ye loved and lovely ones—ye who
Were wont sweet flowers around my path to strew,
God bless ye all ! I would I sank to rest,
My mother, on thy fond and faithful breast,
With thy dear arms encircling me around,
And in mine ears thy words' sweet silvery sound !
My blessed mother ! Thou hast been to me
A precious gift when all things else grew cold ;
Though long the time since last I gazed on thee,
E'en yet I feel thy warm embrace unfold
Itself in mine. Dear mother, yet once more,
E'en on the confines of the spirit shore,
I pause to bless thee. It is well thine eyes
Meet not mine now, for then thy tears and sighs
Would woo me back to earth again. All love,
All comfort from the God of heaven above,
All joy, all bliss, rest on thy drooping head,
And gladden thee, when with the silent dead
I calmly sleep, mother beloved ! And thou,
The dearest of dear sisters, oh ! if now
I clasped thy hand, and heard thy gentle voice,
Perchance I might not smile, nor so rejoice
To die. Farewell ! the grief, the burning tears,
The yearning love, the seared hopes, and the
fears,

The bitter anguish—all have passed away,
And here I wait on my last earthly day,
And welcome the cold floods of early death,
As wave on wave they roll, chilling the breath
Of my frail, human life ; and still they rise,
Those stern and voiceless waters ; but the skies
Above are radiant, waxing yet more bright,
As the dark billows close o'er mortal sight !
Hark ! the sweet sound of angel-hymns ! no more
I hear the proud, resistless surges roar.
Now all is peace. With you I come to dwell,
Bright seraph forms ! Earth, loved ones, fare ye well !

AN HOUR OF JOY.

ONE hour of joy, one passing hour is thine !

Now deck thee, bright one, for the dazzling throng ;
Now twine the wreath, and gems that flash and shine,

And 'mid thy ringlets let the pearls be strung.

Away ! the festal strain is swelling high,

The music calls thee with its melody ;

Many there be who wait for thee with song

And dance ; and sunny smiles thy coming greet.

Alas ! that one short hour should close things fair and
sweet !

But such vain joy *may* pass ; a few will pour
Their burning tears upon its early grave.
Such bliss may well depart ! But oh ! the flower
Of all that men call beautiful and brave :
High hearts that gather on the battle-field,
Meeting the foe's bright sword and glittering shield
With fearless calm ! Strong hearts, when tempests
rave,
That falter not ! These, too, for one brief hour,
Must dazzle mortal gaze, and then be seen no more !

But oh, the love—the trusting love of earth—
Must that, too, hasten to the dreary tomb ?
The voice, whose slightest whisper gave quick birth
To joy and gladness—must a cloud of gloom
Fall heavily, because we hear no more
The cherished tones ?—because the time is o'er,
When in the sunny days of summer's bloom,
We wreathed fair flowers, and sang the song of mirth ?
Yes, it must be ! The loved of earth depart,
Leaving their names deep graven on the lonely heart !

Death, solemn death ! Oh ! what a weight of woe
Comes on the shrinking spirit, as that word,
Like a sad, booming knell, or like the flow
Of requiem-chanting, through the dim aisles heard,
Falls on the aching ear ! Though gladly bright
The noon, ere long must come the fading light
Of eve. Oh ! for the swift wings of a bird,

To flee away from such a changing scene,
To skies, where joy that is, shall be, hath ever been !

Yet no ! Love cannot pass ! The grave may close
Over the shining hair and beaming eye ;
The voice of joy may cease ; life's heavy woes
And gladsome hopes may vanish quietly ;
The glorious halo round bright genius shed
May faintly linger o'er its last, cold bed ;
But love—the SOUL's deep love—can never die !
Here, for awhile, it blossoms, proved and tried,
But blooms in better worlds more full, and purified !

One hour to earth's vain fleeting joys is given.
Woe to the hearts who seek their all below !
Long have our souls with death and sorrow striven ;
Long is the weary, toilsome way we go.
Shall we not fix our deepest, holiest love
Far, far this fleet and changing world above ?
Unfading are affection's flowers in heaven ;
There entered, we shall find the struggle o'er,
And not one hour of joy, but joy for evermore !



ON THE PICTURE OF A DEAD CHILD.

[The picture was taken but a few hours after death, which resulted from an illness of half a day's duration; the little one lay as if asleep, her baby beauty all unmarred by the hand of the great Spoiler; only a look of weariness on the brow told of suffering past. The glow of the crimson curtain fell on the rounded cheek, giving to the placid face so lifelike an aspect, that one could hardly believe that this was indeed but a shadow of a child—a portrait of the Dead !]

CALM in thy placid sleep
 The snowy eyelids close,
 The long dark lashes sweep
 The young cheek's faded rose ;
 The little hand is on the cushion prest,
 The dimpled arm lies lightly on the breast.

Comes there no dreamy smile—
 No half-awakening sigh
 To part the lips awhile,
 And call thy mother nigh
 To clasp the little hand within her own,
 Lest thou should'st wake, and find thyself alone ?

Comes there no quick-drawn breath ?
 Is the dread struggle past ?
 Fair thing ! Can this be death,
 And have we press'd our last,
 Last fervent kiss upon that mouth so still,
 That brow, like sculptured marble, pure and still ?

Yes, it is even so !

And thou art now of those
Who hear the stream's sweet flow,
And pluck the thornless rose,
With angels, in their starry, bright abode,
Their home and *thine*,—the Paradise of God !

Thy silence seems to say—

“ I am so tired now ;
The long and weary day
Has pass'd so sad and slow.
Let me sleep on. Sweet voices whisper—‘ Come !
Come to the Spirit-land,—come home ! come home !’

“ I see a glorious band,

Most radiantly bright,
And many children stand
White-robed, and crowned with light ;—
They call to *me*—they beckon me, I know ;
Unfold thine arms, dear mother,—let me go.

“ And when I wear my wings

An angel I shall be ;
And when the violet springs
I will come back to thee.
Thou wilt not see me then, my mother dear,
But thou wilt feel thy child is watching near.”

And now we stand and gaze,
And almost think to catch
Thine opening eyes' first rays ;
Thy mother seems to watch,
As when, in days gone by, she fondly pressed
A living child to her warm, loving breast.

We have known many a woe ;
Many a tear we've shed
Since thou didst early go
To join the quiet Dead.
Thy rest is won ! We could not wish again
That thou should'st mingle with life's grief and pain.

Perchance in hours of gloom,
Inaudible, unseen,
In the dim silent room
Thy visitings have been !
Smiling to think how sweet the time will be,
When all thou lov'st from sorrow shall be free.

We thank Thee, Oh, our God,
That *Thou* hast taken home
Our child to Thine abode,
From evil days to come.
A little while—and on the eternal shore
Her smile shall greet us—fading nevermore !

SATURDAY NIGHT.

"AND is the twilight closing fast?—
I hear the night-breeze wild;
And is the long week's work all done?"
"Thy work is done, My child."

"Must I not rise at dawn of day?
The night-breeze swells so wild!
And must I not resume my toil?"
"No! nevermore, My child."

"And may I sleep through all the dark?—
The wind to-night is wild;
And may I rest tired head and feet?"
"Thou mayest rest, My child."

"And are the week-day cares gone by?
Still moan the breezes wild;
Have all my sorrows sped away?"
"All sped away, My child."

"And may I fold my feeble hands?
Hush! breezes sad and wild!
And may I close these wearied lids?"
"Yes! close thine eyes, My child."

“ And shall I wake again, and hear,
Ah ! not the night-breeze wild ;
But Heaven’s own psalm, full, deep, and calm ? ”
“ *Heaven’s endless psalm, My child.* ”

“ Oh ! sweet this last night of the week !
The breeze sinks low and mild ;
To fall asleep in Thy kind arms ! ” —
“ *Is passing sweet, My child.* ”

“ Oh ! passing sweet these closing hours !
And sweet the night-breeze mild ;
And the Sabbath-day that cometh fast ! ”
“ *The Eternal Day, My child.* ”

“ The night is gone,—clear breaks the dawn ;
It rises soft, and mild :
Dear Lord ! I see Thee face to face ! ”
“ *Yes ! face to face, My child !* ”







Figure 1. Percentage of total catch for each species from 1980 to 1995. Species are listed in the legend.

the 1980s, and the 1990s. The 1980s were characterized by a high percentage of haddock and Atlantic cod, while the 1990s were characterized by a high percentage of Atlantic herring, Atlantic mackerel, Atlantic whiting, and Atlantic plaice.

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